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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.* With Notes. By Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G. 7th vol. 8vo. London, 1846. Colburn.

THIS forms the concluding volume of *The Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*; it carries forward the hero's personal history, from his return after pursuing the French fleet to the West Indies, in August 1805, through the period when he commanded the Mediterranean fleet, and closes with his death at Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, in the same year, thus comprising an interval of less than three months. The battle which closed the eventful and anxious life of NELSON, robbing the navy of the most original tactician and one of the bravest sons she numbered, and depriving England of a strong arm of defence, is described at great length and with uncommon spirit. Every thing which throws light on the proceedings of that memorable day, including the despatches and orders of COLLINGWOOD, the graphic description by Surgeon BEATTY of the hero's death, are collected and methodically arranged for the convenience of the reader. Not even the French and Spanish accounts of the great fight, ludicrous and lying though some of them are, have been omitted. However, with most of these particulars the public, through previous channels, have been made familiar; therefore, we overpass them, and turn to the subjects least popularly known, and on which doubt or misconception has hitherto existed.

The inquiries of most interest entered upon in this volume are the separation between NELSON and Lady NELSON; his disgraceful connection with that most infamous and artful woman, Lady HAMILTON; and the investigation into the mystery which has shrouded the history of the present Mrs. WARD (late HORATIA NELSON), at first the adopted, and eventually the acknowledged, daughter of NELSON. With regard to the first of these subjects, there can be no doubt that the separation between Lord and Lady NELSON originated in the connection between the former and Lady HAMILTON, which must have been painfully apparent to Lady NELSON for a long time before the scene occurred which brought about a final separation. Public rumour, which must have reached her—for the intimacy between Lady HAMILTON and NELSON was of the most notorious and shameless character—and, more strong yet than this, the paucity and coldness of her husband's letters, must have convinced Lady NELSON that the fascinations of a harlot had prevailed over NELSON, and deprived

her of that love without which the name of wife is ever worse than a bitter mockery. The very nature of NELSON, who had once been to her a fond and indulgent husband, was too earnest and sincere to admit of his successfully assuming the hypocrite, even had he desired to do so. Hence his letters betrayed him, proving the truth of the poet's remark, that—

In various ways doth the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal;  
In many more the estranged heart lets know  
The absence of that love which still it feign would shew.

It is simply remarked by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, that after NELSON's return with Sir WILLIAM and Lady HAMILTON in Nov. 1800, he lived with his wife two months, "though not happily." How could it have been otherwise? Had Lady HAMILTON had the meekness of an angel, indeed it might have been hoped for, but few we opine would wish to see or could patiently have witnessed spectacle so humiliating to a wife as the living with a man whose affection had been openly transferred to another, and who from time to time could insult his wife with fond allusions to the creature who had supplanted her. The following is our author's account of the return of NELSON, and the position of the wife:—

Though none of Lady Nelson's letters in 1798, 1799, or 1800, contain any reproach or betray any suspicion about Lady Hamilton, she could not have been ignorant of the intimacy; and the brief letter which he wrote to her on the 10th May, 1799 (the last that has been found except a short note after their separation), was by no means calculated to convince her that his affection was unimpaired.

Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton arrived in London on the 6th November, 1800; and, as has been already stated, instead of Lady Nelson meeting her husband at Yarmouth on his landing, after an absence of two years and seven months, during which time he had immortalized himself, and made her a Peeress, her reception of him is said, on good authority, to have been cold and chilling. They continued to live together, however, for two months, though, according to Lord Nelson's own statement, not happily, but no separation was contemplated; and it appears from the following important letter, with which the editor has been favoured by Mr. Haslewood, that when it did take place it was entirely her own act, and that it was wholly unexpected.

The following are the particulars of the scene which ended in the separation of Lord and Lady NELSON, as related by Mr. HASLEWOOD, who was present, and is evidently here the apologist, as far as he can venture, for Lord NELSON.

"Kemp Town, Brighton, 13th April, 1846.

"Dear Sir,—I was no less surprised than grieved when you told me of a prevailing opinion, that Lord Nelson of his own

motion withdrew from the society of his wife, and took up his residence altogether with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and that you have never received from any member of his family intimation to the contrary. His father, his brother, Dr. Nelson (afterwards Earl Nelson), his sisters Mrs. Belton and Mrs. Matcham, and their husbands, well knew that the separation was unavoidable on Lord Nelson's part; and as I happened to be present when the unhappy rupture took place, I have often talked over with all of them, but more especially with Mr. and Mrs. Matcham, the particulars which I proceed to relate, in justice to the memory of my illustrious friend, and in the hope of removing an erroneous impression from your mind.

"In the winter of 1800-1801, I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson, at their lodgings in Arlington-street; and a cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said by 'dear Lady Hamilton;' upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair, and exclaimed, with much vehemence, 'I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me.' Lord Nelson, with perfect calmness, said—"Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you, sincerely; but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton, or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration." Without one soothing word or gesture but muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room, and shortly after drove from the house: they never lived together afterwards. I believe that Lord Nelson took a formal leave of her ladyship before joining the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker; but that, to the day of her husband's glorious death, she never made any apology for her abrupt and ungente conduct above related, or any overture towards a reconciliation.

"I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,  
"W. HASLEWOOD."

In the April following, Lord NELSON writes to his friend DAVISON the subjoined remarkable letter which we reprint with regret, and would not do so, but that we think it affords strong evidence that the affections of NELSON had for ever been estranged from the wife who once possessed them, and whose indefeasible right they were.

"To Alexander Davison, esq.

"St. George, April 23rd, 1801.

"My dear Davison,—You will, at a proper time, and before my arrival in England, signify to Lady N. that I expect, and for which I have made such a very liberal allowance to her, to be left to myself, and without any inquiries from her; for, sooner than live the unhappy life I did when last I came to England, I would stay abroad for ever. My mind is fixed as fate: therefore you will send my determination, in any way you may judge proper. And believe me ever your obliged and faithful friend,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

Quitting, however, this painful subject, and passing by that of Lord NELSON's slavish adulation of a woman who brought upon his character the blackest spots which deform it, turn we next to the history of HORATIA NELSON, now Mrs. WARD. In the first place, for the information of the reader, we had best state, that after the most searching investigation by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, he has not been able to prove her parentage—whether Lady HAMILTON or the Queen of NAPLES were the mother, or even whether NELSON were himself the father of the child. The assertion, though often repeated by Lady HAMILTON, that NELSON was the father, as it is unsupported by better testimony, goes for nothing, though the probability strongly favours the presumption that he was. Hear Sir HARRIS NICOLAS on this subject:—

The register of the parish of Marylebone contains the following entry: "Baptisms, 1803. May 18, Horatia Nelson Thompson, b. 29 October, 1800."

It has been generally supposed that she was the daughter of Lord Nelson by Lady Hamilton; but although many facts are calculated to raise such a presumption, the editor is authorised by Mr. Haslewood, long the confidential friend and professional adviser of Lord Nelson, to declare, in the most

positive manner, that *Lady Hamilton was not its mother*. The name of the mother is known to Mr. Haslewood; but he is prevented by a sense of honour from disclosing it. Lady Hamilton always said that the child's mother was a person of high birth, and she has left a written declaration that she was "too great to be mentioned."

A considerable number of conflicting letters are gathered and here published on this obscure subject. Lady HAMILTON (who is represented, on the testimony of the nurse, as having conveyed the child to her one night in a hackney coach when it was only eight days old) frequently denied that HORATIA NELSON was hers, adding that she was the offspring of a person "too great to be mentioned;" and furthermore, her statement is corroborated, and therefore of some value, by Lord NELSON's confidential adviser, Mr. HASLEWOOD, who is in possession of full information as to the child's parentage, though he is restrained by the check of honour from disclosing them. We subjoin a few of the letters and allusions to this subject, in order to afford our readers an opportunity of observing how conflicting are the accounts given, and uncertain the inferences which may be drawn from this matter. The following is from Lady HAMILTON:—

"[Post-mark, '7 o'clock, 23 March, 1801, Nt.]"

"My dear Mrs. Gibson,—Pray do send the nurse away, and change the milk; for I don't like the nurse much, and her parents advise it. The mother is very ill in the country; therefore do all that's right, and to-morrow I will see you. Pay her, and if you like give her five shillings over. Ever yours.—E. H." Here, then, is evidence that a child called 'Horatia' was under the charge of a Mrs. Gibson on the 7th of February, 1801, and that she was not weaned at the end of March in that year,—facts compatible with her having been born either in October 1800, or in January or February 1801; and that as early as the 15th of March the child was called 'Miss Thomson.'

The name of THOMSON, both in the baptismal entry of the child, and through the letters which allude to her, has been evidently adopted to mislead and baffle inquiry. The circumstances, allowance having been made for the constant endeavours of NELSON and Lady HAMILTON in their correspondence to baffle investigation, point strongly to the Queen of NAPLES as mother of the child.

It must be observed, that Lord Nelson was constantly at Palermo from the end of October 1799 until the 16th of Jan. 1800, when he went to Leghorn, but he returned to Palermo on the 3rd of February. On the 12th of February he proceeded off Malta, and returned to Palermo on the 16th of March, and he continued there until the 24th of April, on which day, having Sir William and Lady Hamilton on board, he sailed for Malta. They returned to Palermo on the 1st of June, and left on the 10th for Leghorn, with the Queen of Naples and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Lord Nelson remained at Leghorn until the 17th of July, when he travelled from thence with Sir William and Lady Hamilton to England, arriving on the 8th of November, 1800. Hence, if Lord Nelson was the father of a child born either in October 1800, or between that time and February 1801, the mother of such child must have been at Palermo when it was begotten.

Here are some letters from Lord NELSON, which add to the perplexity of the reader in coming to a decision.

In November 1802, Lord Nelson himself wrote this remarkable note to the nurse: it is in his own hand and has no date, but the postmark is 19th November, 1802:—

"Mrs. Gibson, 9, Little Tichfield-street, Marylebone.

"Mrs. Gibson is desired on no consideration to answer any questions about Miss Thomson, nor who placed her with Mrs. G. as ill-tempered people have talked lies about the child."

On the 20th of May Lord Nelson sailed for the Mediterranean; and writing the 22nd of that month to Lady Hamilton,

he said: "I look at your and my god-child's picture, but till I am sure of remaining here, I cannot bring myself to hang them up. Be assured that my attachment and affectionate regard is unalterable: nothing can shake it. And pray say so to my dear Mrs. T. when you see her. Tell her that my love is unbounded to her and her dear sweet child; and if she should have more, it will extend to all of them. In short, my dear Emma, say everything to her which your dear affectionate heart and head can think of."

On the 1st of August he wrote to Lady Hamilton: "Hardy is now busy, hanging up your and Horatia's picture; and I trust soon to see the other two safe arrived from the exhibition. I want no others to ornament my cabin. I can contemplate them, and find new beauties every day; and I do not wait any body else."

October 19th, 1803, he writes to Lady Hamilton:—"If Mr. Addington gives you the pension it is well; but do not let it fret you. Have you not Merton? It is clear—the first purchase;—and my dear Horatia is provided for: and I hope, one of these days, that you will be my own Duchess of Brontë, and then a fig for them all." He added: "I am glad to find, my dear Emma, that you mean to take Horatia home. Aye! She is like her mother; will have her own way, or kick up a devil of a dust. But you will cure her."

March 14th, 1804.—"I would not have Horatia think of a dog. I shall not bring her one; and I am sure she is better without a pet of that sort. But she is like her mother, would get all the old dogs in the place about her."

April 2nd.—"I had time to reflect, and be thankful to God for sparing you and our dear Horatia. I am sure the loss of one—much more both—would have drove me mad."

May 30th.—After saying to Lady Hamilton: "Your resemblance is so deeply engraved in my heart, that there it can never be effaced; and, who knows? some day I may have the happiness of having a living picture of you!" he added, "Every thing you tell me about my dear Horatia charms me. I think I see her, hear her, and admire her; but she is like her dear, dear mother."

With an extract from the codicil to his will, penned by NELSON's own hand, a few days before he fell, we must conclude these particulars relative to HORATIA NELSON:—

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thomson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only."

The gratifying duty now only remains for us to pass an opinion on the merits of this book, and the qualifications of its compiler. The subject he had to grapple with was one of no common intricacy and difficulty. From a mass of not less than three thousand five hundred letters, which the activity of the editor has collected, he had to educe a continuous and complete history of their illustrious author: and he has done this with an ingenuity that, all things considered, is absolutely surprising. Nor are his accomplishments as an historian less honourably remarkable than the laborious research and untiring industry which marked his collection of material. He is ever honest, candid, impartial, aiming continually at the truth, and stating it without fear or affection. In short, he has produced a book which far more highly will elevate his character as an author than all his previous works, able and meritorious as they have been; one that places before the reader, with all his virtues and failings *self-depicted*, a portrait of the hero, of whom, despite his errors, every Englishman may well be proud, and whose memory will not pass away so long as Great Britain has a navy for her defence.

#### FICTION.

*Evelyn Stuart; or, Right versus Might.* 8vo. London, 1846. 3 vols. Bentley.

THIS is a novel, having for its purpose the inculcation of a moral lesson. Whether such an intention may best

be effected by a fiction extending to three volumes, we will not here pause to inquire; but content ourselves with taking the author's judgment on this question, at his own value of it, and proceed to comment upon the merits of his story. Though incidentally there occur passages of interest, and some proper remarks upon the anomalies and corruptions of society at the present day, the novel wants a closer connection and more skilful government of the incidents, to give unmixed satisfaction. The plot, though it affords dramatic points enough, is not artistically woven, and its close is far less striking than out of the same materials it might have been made. Evelyn Stuart is the daughter of a disappointed Genius, who, on the death of his wife, removed from Scotland to Italy, and there dying while she was yet a child, left her an orphan in a foreign land. She returned to England, and found a home under the roof of her uncle, represented as "a hard-working man, by name Seaton." One Lady Moreham, a distant relation of the Stuarts, rich, and living in retirement at her country-seat, having heard the unfortunate history of our heroine, and that she had inherited but a very slender patrimony, invited Evelyn to live with her, to which the latter was but too happy to accede. Here she was brought into contact at once with the higher classes of society, and from this point the complexity of her story is developed. Another interesting young lady here enters upon the scene, in the person of a granddaughter to Lady Moreham, called Violet Alsinger. A couple of lovers, as a matter of course, follow, and an abundance of the entanglements which, according to the axiom of the novel-writer, are inseparable from the existence of love; jealousy, and revenge, and other disquietudes of the heart, by turns succeed, and end only for some in the duel and death.

Our heroine, however, has inherited from her father the mantle of Genius; her uncle died in poverty, leaving a wife and children, destitute of means for future subsistence; and Evelyn, nerved by humanity, swears by his death-bed to protect and provide for his family. She redeemed her promise, and supported the children, by what means does the reader think? By writing for the Magazines and Reviews! Truly a laborious and anxious time of it must have been hers! This occupation of hers affords the opportunity of grafting on the story sundry disquisitions on politics, embracing the condition of Ireland, the passing of the Corn-bill, the resignation of PEELE, and the humanity-measures of Lord ASHLEY. Into the soundness of the author's views, as expressed through Evelyn, we forbear examining, preferring to give an extract or two from the other parts of the novel:—

#### THE REPININGS OF A GENIUS.

Remembering her mother's words, Evelyn's chief care was now to dissipate her father's melancholy,—to win a smile from his sorrow-stricken face, was her greatest joy. And as the dripping water wears away the marble, slow but efficacious in its persevering power, so did the gentle soothing of his child soften the rigour of the mourner's grief. Without a friend or companion but his young daughter, he would converse with her freely, even on subjects beyond her years,—but not long beyond her comprehension. He would speak not only on the events of the past, but often speculate upon the future. Keenly would he animadvert upon the present, and paint the world in gloomy colours. He would tell her how the great and rich and powerful were cruel tyrants; how they had scorned him for his poverty, and cast away her mother because she loved him. He spoke of the sorrows of the poor, of their lives of slavery and woe. He told her that God made all men equal; that man tyrannized over his brother; that Might was the only recognized power,—whether the might of wealth, of rank, or of high authority; that Right was held for nothing, if right depended only on itself. And Evelyn listened in wonder to these frequent discourses, in which her father would pour forth the bitterness of his soul. She had fancied the world was all beautiful, and was it then so dark? How different were her



mother's lessons, which had taught her that the worst men had more of good than evil,—that all were more deserving of love than of hate. Anxiously she asked her father if it were not so? He paused, reflecting on his former words and their probable effect on a heart so young and ardent. He resolved never more to tell her of sin and sorrow. Far be it from him to cloud the happiness of unconscious youth; experience would bring enough of trouble. Henceforth he spoke only of the beauty of the landscape, of the goodness of God, of heavenly love, of truth, of virtue: and while he spoke of these things, the ardour of his youthful days returned, and Evelyn's heart responded to the theme.

#### SELF-EDUCATION.

Her early years had been those of domestic bliss, and again she rejoiced in the delights of home happiness. Yet, how sadly she missed her father now!—now more than ever. Her new friends were kind and affectionate; but simple and ignorant. She exulted in sympathy of heart; but she longed for communion of mind. Often would she retire to some secluded spot, and gazing on the barren landscape, behold, in fancy, the radiant fields of Italy, where she had wandered with her beloved father. Then she would recal his words of wisdom, would dwell on his most casual remarks, and find new pleasure in living over the past again. How short-sighted is man! when Henry Stuart regretted having spoken to his daughter of things above her comprehension, he thought not those very subjects would form a theme for her inquiring mind to dwell upon, when otherwise it might have been inactive. Without books, without means of study, her time was not lost. Education has various systems, though to one only is it generally applied—to the knowledge of various facts and rules, acquired by years of toil and application, perhaps forgotten as soon as known. Ah, wise parent, teach your child to think; then, and then only, will he be educated, and equal to the emergencies of life. The years passed at school in acquiring outward accomplishments, and learning various data by fixed routine, were never known to Evelyn; but amid the wild solitudes of nature, without teachers, without companions, her mind, concentrated upon itself, acquired new vigour. As she reviewed the past, all now seemed clear: she understood her father's genius, and her mother's love, and she gloried in her parents. The germs of that father's spirit were unfolding in her breast, she sympathized with his ambition, and burned to emulate it. Often, after hours of solitary musing, and silent thought, she would start from her reverie, and, pushing the clustering curls from her brow, would transcribe, with breathless rapidity, and almost trembling eagerness, the various visionary and unformed ideas, that occupied her mind—in language not adorned by the studied elegance of rhetoric, but certainly animated by the real eloquence of feeling. Then, turning away from these beloved and self-admired compositions, she would cover her face and weep, that she could not show them to her father. What is genius without sympathy?—What is glory without love? Already she believed the mighty truth, that fame—even the brightest and the purest,—that intellectual power, however vast, however universal, are inferior—how immeasurably inferior!—to the kindlier and holier happiness of the heart.

As this is a book which, despite some shortcomings and failures, will agreeably serve to wile away an hour, we will not forestall the reader by going further into the plot, and giving glimpses of the characters who carry on the action; but at once close this notice with a recommendation to the author (who is evidently a young and inexperienced writer, but one capable of better things hereafter) not to mingle grave political questions with home scenes of love-making in any future fiction he may undertake.

#### HISTORY.

*The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution.* By F. GUIZOT. Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. 8vo. London, 1846. Bogue.

THE volume before us forms the third of this able and

renowned history. It gives a vivid and obviously faithful picture of civil society during the feudal ages, shewing how, by the associations of the holders of fiefs, feudal society—strictly so called—originated; and traces the development of royalty, its gradual increase, its separation from the other powers, and consummation,—as regards absolute authority, in the person of PHILIP LE BEL.

The excellences which we noted in a former number, as characterising this translation, prevail everywhere through this volume; and as it is a work which should be known to every one laying claim to intelligence, we recommend it to the attention of our readers.

*The Works of Frederick Schiller (Historical). History of the Thirty Years' War; and the History of the Revolt of the Netherlands down to the Confederacy of the Gueux.* Translated from the German by the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, M.A. 8vo. London, 1846.

Henry G. Bohn.

BOTH of these Histories, by SCHILLER, attained, immediately on their publication, a world-wide and honourable reputation; and, having been since then a hundred times tested by the reviewer, and approved by the public, a critical examination of them is not called for at our hands. The powerful genius which had found utterance for its emotions in verse—in eloquent, impassioned, philosophic, and impressive verse—evinced, in the *History of the Thirty Years' War*, its capability for laborious compilation, and to express itself in prose, sustaining the assertion which has been made, that mental force is versatile, and will develop itself, whatever may be the subject to which it is applied.

This book forms one of "BOHN'S Standard Library"—a useful and well-selected series of which we have more than once had occasion to speak. The publisher proposes to bring out "A Uniform Edition of the Works of this undying German Classic in an English dress;" in pursuance of which, this volume will be followed by three others, containing "the remaining portion of the Revolt of the Netherlands; the Trial and Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn; Wallenstein's Camp; the Piccolomini; the Death of Wallenstein; and the Tragedy of Don Carlos;" all of which bear some historical relation to each other. To these will be appended a Life of SCHILLER; so that the whole will form the best and completest edition of the works of this admirable writer that has yet been projected by an English publisher. Of this translation hardly is it possible to speak too highly: it is spirited, flexible, and accurate, and has all the freedom and vigour, terseness, and peculiarity of colouring which honourably distinguish the original. If the future volumes be as felicitously transferred to English, the entire set will give confidence to the public, and must secure an extensive sale; for the merits of SCHILLER are so widely known, that a large class of English readers will rush to an edition which offers the double inducement of cheapness and excellence, which is the case with this.

The reader of the *Thirty Years' War*, who may be already familiar with the tragedies of SCHILLER, will especially be struck with the difference between the heroic character of WALLENSTEIN, as portrayed by SCHILLER in "The Piccolomini," and that of the warrior, in the naked severity of reality, as exhibited in the History. The colouring of interest, the lofty intellect and imperial bearing of the man, are in both the same; but his selfishness, disregard of blood, and unscrupulous conduct to obtain his ends, are most visible in the History.

A few brief passages which we take from the *Thirty Years' War* will entertain the reader, and convey to him an idea of the merits of the translation. The portrait of WALLENSTEIN is graphic, though traced in a few lines. We should state that the Emperor had dismissed him



from the command of the Imperial armies, whose idol he then was, a degradation the announcement of which he received from the royal messengers with the haughty remark upon his Imperial master, "I pity but forgive him."

#### THE REGAL POMF OF WALLENSTEIN.

But repose was the last thing that Wallenstein contemplated when he returned to private life. In his retreat, he surrounded himself with a regal pomp, which seemed to mock the sentence of degradation. Six gates led to the palace he inhabited in Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to make way for his courtyard. Similar palaces were built on his other numerous estates. Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honour of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His ante-chamber was protected by fifty life guards. His table never consisted of less than 100 covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he travelled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred waggons; drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages; attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendour of his equipages, and the decorations of his apartments, were in keeping with all the rest. Six barons, and as many knights, were in constant attendance about his person, and ready to execute his slightest order. Twelve patrols went their rounds about his palace, to prevent any disturbance. His busy genius required silence. The noise of coaches was to be kept away from his residence, and the streets leading to it were frequently blocked up with chains. His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace; dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts; while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many waste their lives. The correspondence he kept up with the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself, and that as little as possible might be trusted to the silence of others, most of the letters were written by his own hand. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow complexion, with short red hair, and small sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow, and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his dependents.

It was not long that the Duke of Friedland was consigned to neglect and disgrace. The rapid advance of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS—that ever victorious and magnanimous king! who had routed the Imperial army under TILLY at the battle of Leipsig, and was now penetrating rapidly into Germany, compelled the Emperor to seek, and eventually, to crave the assistance of WALLENSTEIN. We know not, in the whole of this masterly history, a passage which in so brief a space contains such strong indications of SCHILLER'S peculiarities as a prose writer—unless it be that in some others there is a greater heightening of dramatic incident—than the following, which describes the Emperor's embarrassment, and an incidental allusion to the subsequent fate of the brave, religious, and invincible King GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

The most urgent want was that of a general; and the only one from whom he could hope for the revival of his former splendour, had been removed from his command by an envious cabal. So low had the Emperor now fallen, that he was forced to make the most humiliating proposals to his injured subject and servant, and meanly to press upon the imperious Duke of Friedland the acceptance of the powers which no less meanly had been taken from him. A new spirit began from this moment to animate the expiring body of Austria; and a sudden change in the aspect of affairs bespoke the firm hand which guided them. To the absolute King of Sweden, a general equally absolute was now opposed; and one victorious hero was confronted with another. Both armies were again to engage in the doubtful struggle; and the prize of victory already almost secured in the hands of GUSTAVUS

Adolphus, was to be the object of another and a severer trial. The storm of war gathered around Nuremberg; before its walls the hostile armies encamped; gazing on each other with dread and respect, longing for, and yet shirking from, the moment that was to close them together in the shock of battle. The eyes of Europe turned to the scene, in curiosity and alarm, while Nuremberg, in dismay, expected soon to lend its name to a more decisive battle than that of Leipsig. Suddenly the clouds broke, and the storm rolled off towards Franconia, to burst upon the plains of Saxony. Near Lutzen fell the thunder which had menaced Nuremberg; the victory, half lost, was purchased by the death of the king. Fortune, which had never forsaken him in his life-time, favoured the King of Sweden even in his death, with the rare privilege of falling in the fulness of his glory and an untarnished fame. By a timely death, his protecting genius rescued him from the inevitable fate of man—that of forgetting moderation in the intoxication of success, and justice in the plenitude of power. It may be doubted whether, had he lived longer, he would still have deserved the tears which Germany shed over his grave, or maintained his title to the admiration with which posterity regards him, as the first and only just conqueror that the world has produced. The untimely fall of their great leader seemed to threaten the ruin of his party; but to the Power which rules the world, no loss of a single man is irreparable. As the helm of war dropped from the hand of the falling hero, it was seized by two great statesmen, Oxenstierna and Richelieu. Destiny still pursued its relentless course, and for full sixteen years longer the flames of war blazed over the ashes of the long-forgotten king and soldier.

The haughty tone now arrogated by WALLENSTEIN, and the paltry, if necessary arts he adopted to bring the Emperor in a more humiliating posture to his feet, are shewn in the subjoined passage:

Informed of all that was transacted in the Emperor's cabinet to his advantage, Wallenstein possessed sufficient self-command to conceal his inward triumph and to assume the mask of indifference. The moment of vengeance was, at last come, and his proud heart exulted in the prospect of repaying with interest the injuries of the Emperor. With artful eloquence, he expatiated upon the happy tranquillity of a private station, which had blessed him since his retirement from a political stage. Too long, he said, had he tasted the pleasures of ease and independence, to sacrifice to the vain phantom of glory, the uncertain favour of princes. All his desire of power and distinction were extinct: tranquillity and repose were now the sole object of his wishes. The better to conceal his real impatience, he declined the Emperor's invitation to the court, but at the same time, to facilitate the negotiations, came to Znaim in Moravia. At first, it was proposed to limit the authority to be intrusted to him, by the presence of a superior, in order, by this expedient, to silence the objections of the Elector of Bavaria. The imperial deputies, Quastenbergh and Werdenberg, who, as old friends of the duke, had been employed in this delicate mission, were instructed to propose that the King of Hungary should remain with the army, and learn the art of war under Wallenstein. But the very mention of his name threatened to put a period to the whole negotiation. "No! never," exclaimed Wallenstein, "will I submit to a colleague in my office. No—not even if it were God himself, with whom I should have to share my command."

What a grand and fearful spectacle was that of the two hostile armies, headed severally by the greatest commanders of the age, now confronting each other and shortly to close in a deadly struggle for victory on the plains of Lutzen! How impressive is that description of the Swedish army, dropping by universal consent on their knees in the morning twilight, and singing spontaneously a hymn prior to entering on the engagement which was to liberate thousands of souls from the bonds of flesh to the experiences of eternity!

BATTLE OF LUTZEN, AND DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

At last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon.

Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armour), rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the foreboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches. Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retire beyond the trenches; and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won! In the mean time the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impetuous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly-mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought the king, that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitring the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial Gefreiter, remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he, "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "the king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing—follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but, overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him unobserved out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded towards the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse pierced by several more shots; and, abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the plundering hands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They

rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

#### EDUCATION.

*Gymnasium sive Symbola Critica: abridged. Intended to assist the Classical Student in his endeavours to attain a correct Latin prose Style.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER CROMBIE, LL.D., &c. &c. 8vo. London, 1846. Simpkin and Marshall.

BEYOND all dispute the facilities afforded by educational books at the present day for the acquirement of every branch of scholastic learning, are much greater than existed no longer than a dozen years ago. The advance made in adapting educational books to the needs and capacities of scholars during this period has, indeed, been singular, and found no parallel in the past, since ROUSSEAU had the courage to assail the then existing mode of education, and the sagacity to direct the popular movement in the right direction. Not, indeed, that the effects of his *Emilius* were immediately perceptible; they were not so; the operation of the principles he laid down, the truths he enunciated, was silent but sure and effectual, and though like most men, who, from the fragments of an antiquated and cumbrous system, have to construct a new one, his plans, founded on hypothesis, oftener than experience, were frequently less practical than specious; they had enough of truth to commend them to the attention of the thinkers of his age, and distant in time as they now seem, and little as we are accustomed to consider them, they had unquestionably the merit of laying the foundation of the improved systems, which in later years have been constructed.

The book before us is one which we (whose best assistant to the writing of Latin prose some fifteen years ago was "the Book of Cautions,"—a formula which we perceive is still used at Eton) should have been but too happy to have possessed had it then been published. It is incomparably the best and completest work on this subject, that ever has reached our hands; and to those who use it, and master its rules, we are confident the reproach commonly urged against English writers of Latin prose—that they write "good English-Latin"—may never justly be applied. The governing genius of the Latin language, its varied styles, the construction of sentences according to classic models, and why and wherefore the Romans observed certain rules of collocation and inflection of sound, are lucidly set forth, and always felicitously exemplified. We extract, almost at random, a passage or two, the value of which, as subserving the author's purpose, the reader will at once recognize.

In prose translations, words purely poetical ought to be excluded. Nothing is so offensive to a classical taste, as incongruity of diction, or a grotesque commixture of prose, and poetical phraseology. It is indispensably necessary, for the sake of perspicuity, that no prose word shall be employed in a poetical sense, as *Axis*, for the "Earth," *Marmor*, for the "Sea," or *Meditari*, for to "Play on an instrument." Phrases and idioms, purely poetical in respect to syntax, should likewise be rejected. Not only should all words and phrases, peculiarly belonging to poetry, be excluded from prose, but likewise all those modes of expression which are adapted, and generally appropriated, to one species of prose, should be repudiated in every other. Dialogue, history, oratory, epistolary correspondence, and philosophical discussion, have each a style suited to its character. To mix two or more of these different styles in the same composition, is to present the reader with an exhibition, not unlike to Harlequin in his party-coloured garb. A jumble of incoherent images does not appear more ridiculous, than a mixture of heterogeneous phraseologies. Yet some modern Latin writers translate and compose, as if it were quite superfluous to



adapt the language to the subject; and as if the simple, but dignified style of history, the colloquial and quaint phrases of comedy, the bold and high-toned diction of the orator, with the elegant plainness of epistolary writing, might all harmoniously commingle in the same paragraph, nay, in the same sentence. But the classical student, who is desirous to write Latin with correctness and propriety, must study uniformity of style. While he suits the diction to the subject, he must cautiously avoid all words and phrases appropriated to a different species of composition. In colloquial language, Terence is the only sure guide; in history, Livy should be his model; in oratory, epistolary writing, and philosophical discussion, Cicero will furnish him with the most finished patterns. Caesar, in detailing the operations of war, and in the description of countries, customs, and manners, exhibits a style eminently distinguished by simplicity, elegance, and perspicuity. It is the language of an accomplished scholar—one who composed with ease, because he was perfectly master of the language in which he wrote.

The peculiarity of collocation of the Latin as compared with that of our own language, is happily contrasted and exhibited in the following extract:—

The superiority, which a transpositive language possesses over one, which is analogous in respect to the collocation of words, it can hardly be necessary to evince, even to the junior student of classic literature. He must have remarked, that in Latin the arrangement of words in a clause may be varied at pleasure, whereas in English we are frequently confined to one order. Whether we say *Hannibalem vicit Scipio*, or *Scipio vicit Hannibalem*, or *Scipio Hannibalem vicit*, the meaning is the same. But if we say, "Scipio conquered Hannibal," we state the fact. If we alter the order and say, "Hannibal conquered Scipio," we affirm the reverse; and if we say, "Scipio Hannibal conquered," or "Hannibal Scipio conquered," we state an ambiguous proposition. Our collocation, in English, generally considered, has been aptly enough denominated the order of intellect. The arrangement in Latin is more adapted to imagination and feeling. The language of the Romans consists of periods; ours is composed of sentences. Hence the English has more simplicity; the Latin greater strength. We begin with the agent, from him we proceed to the act, and from it to the person or thing acted upon. This may be called the metaphysical order; it is the order of time, and to this arrangement we are generally confined. The flexibility of the Latin language enabled the speaker or writer to adopt any collocation, which the subject prescribed, or which he deemed conducive to the attainment of his purpose. If the subject was familiar, and the language colloquial, it approached pretty nearly to the English arrangement.

With this we close our notice of a book which we can conscientiously recommend, as the best for the purpose for which it was designed, of any which has yet issued from the British press.

*Morals of Manners for our Young People.* By Miss SEDGWICK. Square 8vo. London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

This is a neatly got up book for school purposes, or for presentation to a child; having, as the text for its first part, the truism, that "Manner is a great matter;" and in the second part repeating some well-known truths under the title of "Lesser Morals," which are illustrated by stories. The ideas and language are simple and appropriate, and we think this little book well calculated to effect the good which its fair author in undertaking it seems to have anticipated.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Dublin University Magazine*, for September. McGlashan, D'Olier-street, Dublin.—The present number contains fewer articles than this magazine is wont to offer; to compensate for this, however, the quality of the contributions is excellent. In the first place, we have a

paper on M. ARAGO, incorporating with some sagacious remarks on his scientific attainments, and his character as a politician, which form the main purpose of the article, a brief biography of this eminent *savant*. The next subject handled is "Strauss's Life of Jesus," which is severely yet justly criticised, and the fallacies of its scepticism exposed. A readable paper on Algeria and Tunis follows; which is in its turn succeeded by a continuation of HOFFMAN's story, "Signor Formica," finely translated and abridged. Sundry works on Scotland form the subject of the fifth article, which contains some graphic pictures of Scottish life and manners, and much useful information regarding her fisheries and other resources. Four chapters of CARLETON's powerful and interesting tale, "The Black Prophet," succeed; then an essay on "Nature, Art, and Natural Advancement;" and the number closes with a vigorously written article on Church Reform.

*Sharpe's London Magazine*. September, 1846.—This agreeably varied magazine is as attractive this month as usual, save in its wood engravings, which certainly are coarser and from less able designs than the cuts given in the early numbers. We have here, for a trifling sum, a large number of pages judiciously stored with biographies, discoveries, facts in natural history, sketches and tales, poetry, gleanings, &c. and the fault must rest with the public if this be not a profitable magazine.

*Love's Edinburgh Magazine*. September.—This is a periodical devoted to the interests of the Protestant religion. The contents of this number are, 1. "Christianity and Railways;" 2. "Many are the Afflictions of the Righteous;" 3. "Keble's Lyra Innocentium;" 4. "Florimond Raymond and the Catholic Library;" 5. "The Flight and Death of Montrose;" 6. "Memoir of Dr. Walsh;" and lastly, "Reviews." The articles, for the most part, are written in an earnest and kindly spirit, and are remarkable for the erudition applied to the subjects they treat of.

*Dolman's Magazine*. September.—The articles here offered are "An Account of the Preservation of the Society of Jesus in the Russian Empire;" next a refreshing and delightful paper on "Greek and Latin Poetry at Oxford and Cambridge, in part a review of the *Authologia Oxoniensis*, and *Arundines Causi*," then an impressive tale entitled "The Dirheoch's Legacy;" after that comes No. 6 of "Vicissitudes of Illustrious Men—Sir Walter Raleigh." A true story called "Emma Falkland;" an essay on "The works of Mr. Warren;" some poetry, and "Catholic Monthly Intelligence" make up a number of unusual attraction and merit.

*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine*. September.—The contents this month comprise several articles of ability and interest. Among these, the foremost is "A Brief Sketch of the Life of Baron Metcalfe," in which the amiable and conciliatory character of the Governor-General is finely portrayed, and ample justice done to his qualifications for the honourable office whose arduous duties he so efficiently discharged. This memoir will now be read with a mournful and increased interest, from the fact that since it was penned the noble subject of it has been called to his eternal home. The usual number of articles on Cultivation of our Colonies, "Sketches of Life and Manners in the British Dependencies;" the progress of discoveries, &c. &c., follow, and compose a number of unusual variety and superior merit.

*The Builder: A Journal for the Architect, Engineer, Operative, and Artist*. Monthly part. August.—Perhaps the best, certainly the most flattering testimony to the excellence of this Journal, is afforded by the fact that its columns are so frequently and largely drawn upon by the leading daily and weekly press. It is conducted with ability; its matter is judiciously selected, and cast to the best advantage; the articles are always appropriate, and criticisms just. In addition to the freely



illustrated papers on architecture—comprehending carpentry, building, iron-work, and observations on the cost and properties of materials, this Journal has of late widened the sphere of its usefulness by addressing itself also to the sculptor and painter, and recommends itself to the support of these classes by the collection from abroad, as well as at home, of all the news affecting these arts, which from time to time arises; and the remarks and suggestions it offers on these heads are always deserving of attention. *The Builder*, therefore, is a Journal which we may with confidence recommend to the Architect, Engineer, Operative, and Artist, as the best, as well as the cheapest, illustrated class Journal at this time issuing from the press.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Druidical Temples of the County of Wilts.* By the Rev. E. DUKE, M.A. 8vo. London, 1846. John Russell Smith.

HISTORY and tradition being both silent, or nearly so, on the subject of the presumed Temples of Wiltshire, antiquaries have been compelled to seek for evidence of the purposes for which they were designed in the curious and interesting remains which time has spared to us. Various and conflicting have been the conclusions drawn from these singular ruins; among those offered by the ablest antiquaries, and which seem to come nearest to what we are inclined to believe the truth—as deducible from the remains themselves, we think the suppositions of our author hold the foremost place, and we say this advisedly, and giving due weight to the fact that STUBELY, WOOD, SMITH, SIR RICHARD HOARE, and others have also directed their attention to this subject.

The notions of Mr. DUKE with reference to these remains are briefly stated as follows:—

My hypothesis then is as follows: that our ingenious ancestors portrayed on the Wiltshire Downs, a Planetarium or stationary Orrery, if this anachronism may be allowed me, located on a meridional line, extending north and south, the length of sixteen miles; that the planetary temples thus located, seven in number, will, if put into motion, be supposed to revolve around Silbury-hill as the centre of this grand astronomical scheme; that thus Saturn, the extreme planet to the south, would in his orbit describe a circle with a diameter of thirty-two miles; that four of these planetary temples were constructed of stone, those of Venus, the Sun, the Moon, and Saturn; and the remaining three of earth, those of Mercury, Mars, and Jupiter, resembling the "Hill Altars" of Holy Scripture; that the Moon is represented as the satellite of the Sun, and, passing round him in an epicycle, is thus supposed to make her monthly revolution, while the Sun himself pursues his annual course in the first and nearest concentric orbit, and is thus successively surrounded by those also of the planets, Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; that these planetary temples were all located at due distances from each other; that the relative proportions of those distances correspond with those of the present received system; and that, in three instances, the sites of these temples bear in their names at this day plain indubitable record of their primitive dedication. Now, further, as to the four temples constructed of stone, I shall be able to shew that they consisted of a certain definite number of stones, and by an analysis of their details I shall shew, that these details are resolvable into every known astronomical cycle of antiquity, whilst the other appendages attached to, but not forming component parts of three of such temples, are resolvable only into numerical cycles; and that these planetary temples taken synthetically, and as a whole, were intended to represent the magnus annus, the great year of Plato, the cycle of cycles (well known before the days of Plato, but he, being esteemed the Solomon of his age, this most celebrated of all cycles took its name from him), when the planets, some revolving faster, some slower in their several courses, would all simultaneously arrive at the several points

from whence they originally started, and that then the old world would end and a new world spring into being.

The following are the conclusions at which the author has arrived concerning

THE DRUIDS.

"The word *Drew* or *Druid*," says he, "I would derive not from *δρῦς* an oak, for the order was prior to the word, but from the Hebrew *דָּרִיד* signifying, according to Marius de Calashio, "Liberty, or exemption from all secular employments." These exemptions and exclusions have, in all ages and nations, had the effect of rendering the priesthood more especially the depositaries of learning, the skilled in the arts and sciences; this has been the case with the Druids of ancient days, and with the Jesuits of more modern times. Various ancient authors contain notices more or less of the Druids, but so vague, and withal so contradictory, that I was at one time inclined to omit the notice of them in this work, and to treat their existence and history wholly as a fable, but, on the collation of numerous authors, I find the concurring testimony of their existence so strong, that I am compelled to admit it, and to separate the truth and the falsehood of the details of their history, as well as I can. The stories related of these sages are highly improbable; but the principles and opinions which we imbibe in our early years usually stick fast by us; we look back on our scholastic exercises, and recall to our minds the delight of our imaginations, when we pictured to ourselves the white-robed Druid ascending the sacred oak, and with the golden hook cutting off the still more sacred mistletoe, when we heard the deafening shouts of the assembled multitude, as he waved with his hand the mystic branch. On the other hand, we remember again the horror with which we shrank into ourselves, when we viewed, as we thought, the wicker image filled with its holocaust of human beings, when we saw their writhings, heard their cries, and felt their pangs,—but we will draw the veil over these horrors; let it suffice to say, that I receive the assertions of classic authors as to circumstances, of which they do not assert personal knowledge, *cum maximo grano salis*; I believe, that assertion and verity are very often at variance in their pages. There is more or less said of Druidism by many ancient authors, such as Strabo, Pliny, Lucan, Pomponius Mela, Ammianus Marcellinus, Cæsar, Tacitus, &c. &c. The classic authors are not only vague, and confined in their notices of the Druids, but contradictory; Cæsar says, that the Germans had no Druids, "neque Druides habent, qui rebus divinis præsent, neque sacrificiis student." Tacitus, however, affirms that they had Druids, and he is correct. Keyser, in his "Antiquitates Septentrionales" (Hanover, 1720), gives plates of the Druidical temples then existing, and, doubtless, still existing in Holstein; in fact, the northern German principalities are full of them. One of them he depicts with superincumbent imposts as at Stonehenge. Olaus Magnus and Rudbeck also bear testimony to stone temples in the states of Denmark and Sweden. Now, to suppose temples without the concomitant of a priesthood, would be an absurdity far from us; and what should their priests be but Druids? They must fall into that analogous class, for it is impossible to suppose for a moment that they assimilated with the priesthood of Egypt, Greece, or Rome. The history of these early sages, however, is very indefinitely given by ancient authors, who attribute to them manners and customs, to which, I am convinced, they were utter strangers: amongst other things they make them resort to woods and groves, and yet we find their temples in the most open and champion countries.

The work treats at some length on the extent of Druidism; then goes on to describe the burrows of Silbury Hill, the Serpent and Temples at Abury, the Temples of Mars and Jupiter, Stonehenge, and embodies incidentally some sagacious remarks on the feudal system, which, however, are rather clumsily grafted upon the professed subject of the book. "St. Ann's Hill," our author supposes, was once presided over by a shrine of the Goddess Diana. The following passage gives us at once a new and ingenious etymology of the name Anna, and also a picture from the mythology, of untutored grace and interest:—

I cannot help thinking, that from Diana and Dian were struck off the appellations Anna and Ann (the additional "n" being subsequently added), and that the *ferie*, or festival of the goddess was superseded by the *fair*, as now held, of the saint. I shall now be told that the fane of the hunting goddess would never have been seated on this high and bare hill, that the Romans would have given her a habitation amidst the woods and groves, but here Callimachus comes to my aid. In his beautiful Hymn on Diana he thus feigns her, with these requests, to entreat her father Jupiter. "*Δὸς δὲ μοι ὄρησιν πάτρης*—also give me all hills and mountains." The father of gods and men gently kissed his suppliant daughter, and her request was granted. Horace, likewise, depicts her as "*Montium custos nemorumque virgo*;" "the virgin guardian of the mountains, and of the groves." He here evidently intends a contradistinction; she is the montium custos, whether they be clothed or not with woods and groves; she is the nemorum custos, whether they cover the sides and top of the rising mount, or whether they extend their shadows over the lowly glen or expansive vale. But what does Virgil say—

*Aur per juga Cyathi  
Excurret Diana choros, quam mille secuta  
Hinc a'que hinc glomerantur Oreades.*

Here we have in this beautiful picture Diana weaving the mystic dance, followed in her train not by the Dryades and Hamadryades, the nymphs of the woods and groves, but by the Oreades, the mountain nymphs; we see her thus disporting herself with her blithe companions, not on the summit of a wooded hill, but on the ridge of a barren mountain.

Come we now to the Grand Temple of Stonehenge, which our author asserts was dedicated conjointly to Saturn and the Sun.

I now proceed to elucidate the temple itself. We will then take the several portions of the temple, as they present themselves in the order of location. The temple at Stonehenge consists of two circles and two ovals, or rather ellipses, respectively concentric; we must then enter at once on the description of the outer circle. Here is much indeed to rivet the reader's attention, since I hesitate not to say, that this outer circle of Stonehenge is by far the most interesting and precious morcean of any Druidical remains in the universe. Of all the planets Saturn describes the most extreme orbit, and takes the protracted period of thirty years to revolve around his distant course, hence his orbit has ever mythologically been held to include all time and space. The stones of the outer circle of Stonehenge, which I must consider as a portion of the more modern and enlarged temple of Saturn, are thirty in number; this points out clearly its designation as the cycle of the years of Saturn, and it may be considered allegorically to point out the years of the life of man. Years succeed to years, life succeeds to life, and at every revolution of this planet, his return is held to view a different race of man, treading on and ruling this sublunary and bustling earthly globe; this circle of stones then may be aptly considered as a memento of mortality; but, further yet, they also represent the cycle of the days of the month; the Druids having divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each; the stones are represented as equidistant from each other, and consequently there were thirty intervening voids or interstices; and here let it be observed, that when the shades of night set in, and all nature is asleep, these alternating voids are veiled in darkness; and thus have we the cycles also of the nights of the months, as well as that of the days. I feel fully sanctioned in making this appropriation, since the very early ancients reckoned the passing hours from night to day, not from day to night; this is in accordance with the cosmogony of Moses, Genesis, ch. 1, 4, 5, "And God divided the light from the darkness, and God called the light day, and the darkness he called night; and the evening and the morning were the first day;" and the lingering traces of this primeval custom yet remain amongst us, in the familiar colloquial expressions of "se'nnight" and "fort-night," used to denote the periods respectively of one, or two, weeks. Let it be also further noted, that this outer circle of thirty stones is connected and banded together by a corona or crest of thirty stones or imposts, lying superincumbent on their tops in one continuous circle; here then we have pointed out to us in the sexagenary cycle the emblem of man, who, when

arrived at threescore years, falls into the sear and yellow leaf, and is ripe for the scythe of time; and here too have we a memento of eternity: thus does age succeed to age; and the efflux of time will revolve in continuous round, till time itself shall be no more, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." But further, this even and continuous circle of stones is yet designed to serve another and curious purpose; it is evidently designed, in conjunction with a portion of the temple (to be described presently), to shew the inclination of the ecliptic as compared with the equator. I have just spoken of this even and continuous circle of stones, and this leads me to notice their mechanical construction; and here I feel that the ingenuity of the best architect would have failed in devising a more ingenious, or scientific plan to hold together, or give additional beauty to, this outer circle of Stonehenge, on the uprights of which ranged the cornice or architrave of thirty stones, forming one even and continuous corona. These stones are about ten feet in length and two in thickness, so that the circle of uprights and imposts stood about sixteen feet in height. The outer side of the uprights is usually more rough and misshapen, but the inner side is more smooth, and thus betrays the use of the tool; in fact from the evenness of their ends, and their reduction to the parallelogram, much substance must in their working have been struck off from them. The interval between every two was about half the height of the upright; the soffit, or lower side of the impost, was evenly worked, the outward line was humoured, so as to assist in the continued curvature of the circle; the inner side was straight, so that, on the inside, this continued architrave, or corona, presented a polygon of thirty sides; and thus, as every two imposts met in the centre of each upright, so was the broader and deeper part of each impost brought over the interval between the uprights, to the increase of the strength of the whole, and to its added beauty, by the superior depth of shade. On the top of each upright were two tenons, and, on the lower side of each impost, were two mortises in correspondence with those tenons. The superincumbent imposts were thus let down on the uprights, on the centre of the tops of which they met each other; they were then dovetailed by a central vertical ridge at one end of each, made to fit into a corresponding groove down the end of the adjoining impost. This beautiful arrangement may be well observed by a view of two of the three imposts as yet remaining in the front of the temple; they are now time worn, and their edges become obtuse, but when fresh and perfect the adaptation must have well answered its designed end. Saturn has supplied to the Greeks and Romans the source of a beautiful personification; they have represented him as Time, and furnished him with the apt emblems of a scythe, and of a convoluted serpent with its tail in its mouth; thus with his scythe is he considered to cut down in endless succession every ripened race of man; and as the serpent is annually renewed by the cast of its skin, so is every falling race of man held to be renewed by a young and succeeding progeny; from hence arose the fiction, that Saturn devoured his own children, and hence also is the continuous circle of imposts at Stonehenge an apt representation of this well imagined emblem.

We conclude with a recommendation of this book to our Archaeologists, and all who take interest in such inquiries, as one that explains many peculiarities observable in these structures which previous hypotheses have failed to elucidate, and forms altogether the most authentic (if that term can justly be applied to speculations of this nature) of the descriptions of the intention and uses of these curious remains that have hitherto been laid before the public.

#### JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

##### FRENCH LITERARY NOTICES.

Among the most interesting travels that have made their appearance in Paris, we may observe the "*Voyage Botanique dans le Midi de l'Espagne*," which has lately been completed by the twenty-second number. It is a work of equal pretension and merit; and although of too scientific a nature to call for a lengthened notice at our hands, we cannot withhold from alluding cur-



sortily to a publication of so much authority and importance. Another work of more general interest is the "Voyage dans l'Inde et dans le Golfe Persique, par l'Egypte et la Mer Rouge," by FONTANIER; the first volumes have already been mentioned here. We must refer also to a pamphlet that has appeared under the title "De l'Esclavage en général et de l'Emancipation des Noirs," from the pen of a meritorious priest, by name CASTELLI. We may observe, that notwithstanding the regulations made in France, in the beginning of the present century, relative to slavery in the French colonies, political considerations, stifling the voice of humanity, were such as to restore matters to their former position; so that as early as the year 1802 the First Consul declared the former condition of colonial slavery to be fully restored. Every one knows the decision of the Vienna Congress relative to the slave trade. By a law enacted in March, 1815, NAPOLEON decreed the abolition of this shameful practice. The Restoration confirmed these determinations by an ordinance of the 8th of January, 1817, and also by a formal edict of the 15th of April, 1818. In spite of these regulations, the slave-trade continued as it had been before. It was suffered to go on from some mistaken view that the sudden suppression and abolition of the slave-trade would lead to the decline and decay of the colonies. All that has been done since the revolution of July has been instigated by a desire to pave the way towards a total abolition to be effected as gradually as possible. It was at a favourable moment for this important question that a special commission was named by the French government with the design of investigating formally the relative advantages and disadvantages of a total abolition. The DUKE of BROGLIE, who was appointed president of this commission, distinguished himself by the untiring and considerate activity with which he has entered into its proceedings. The report which he framed in the name of the committee may be characterized as a work worthy of imitation, both succinct and complete. The regulations of the 18th July, 1845, by which a total abolition of the slave-trade was enforced, rests, for the most part, upon the resolutions and conclusions of this report. Those who are desirous of more elaborate information on this subject, are recommended, in addition to the report above-named, to refer to the "Esclavage et Traite," by the talented statesman AGENOR DE GASPARIN, and to the "Considérations sur le Système Colonial," of SULLY-BRUNET. To these works, advocating the necessity of total abolition, may be added the pamphlet named above, "De l'Esclavage en général et de l'Emancipation des Noirs." CASTELLI is a man who has particularly distinguished himself by his unceasing exertions for the physical and moral benefit of these unfortunate slaves; he would seem to have made LAS CASAS his model. His long official residence in the colonies has afforded him sufficient opportunities of judging soundly of the question as to a complete reform of the present system.

Among the strange conglomerations which the literature of this age produces, we perceive here and there some genuine remnants of a classic era. We make this remark while looking on the first volume of A. BIGNAU's collected poetical works. He is one of those classic spirits whom few in this age can appreciate, and the academic crown has more than once rested on his brows. There is no BOILEAU now to sound his praises, just and appropriate though all he does is. Whether BIGNAU, with his "Venores poétiques," will reap the admiration of the day, or secure himself a niche in the temple of poets for all time, remains to be proved; it is more than we can decide.

Catholicism, in any form, has long been discarded from French journalism. Nevertheless the new religious spirit which has of late awakened, must of course

call into existence some medium for the expression of its zealous fervour. Among the latest of this kind that have appeared we have noticed the "Journal des Ecrivains Catholiques, Echo Politique, Philosophique Artistique et Littéraire du Monde Religieux." The editor is BOISTE DE RICHEMONT. Its object is to diffuse a knowledge of the many publications to which this feeling is giving rise, and to render them accessible to a larger circle of the public. The design and plan recall to our mind the "Journal des Predicateurs," which appeared some time since.

We have before alluded to the "History of Languedoc," by the Benedictines, CLAUDE DE VIE and VAISSETTE, the completion of which has been undertaken by the well-known A. DU MEGE. The thirty-sixth number, which has lately appeared, brings us to the conclusion of the ninth volume. It contains much that is new and interesting; and, like those which have preceded it, offers materials of great interest to the historian. We may likewise mention another version of the interesting history of that province, which treats of the period from the establishment of Grecian colonists in the South of France to the religious wars which so devastated the country. The title of this work is "Histoire du Languedoc depuis les Temps les plus Recules jusqu'à nos Jours." The author is DOMINIC MAGALON. While the former history is of a nature only to attract the student and the learned, the latter is a work more calculated to interest the general reader, who looks less for the wealth of historical documents than the useful and entertaining adaptation of the materials themselves.

ARSENE HOUSAYE has for some time past given us several clever sketches in the *Revue de Paris*; among them we may particularise those of artists, such as WATTEAU, VANLOO, and others. Combined with much knowledge of the history of art, we find a remarkable power of seizing upon the peculiarities and manner of each individual painter; they are sufficient to prove that the writer possesses great capabilities, and feeling for art. With a consciousness of this power, HOUSAYE has commenced a history of Dutch and Flemish painting. The first part of this "Histoire de la Peinture Flamande et Hollandaise," which has lately appeared, has given sufficient earnest that the writer will not fail in his undertaking.

"Traité de la Hierarchie Administrative; ou, de l'Organisation, et de la Compétence des diverses Autorités Administratives," is the very lengthy title of an elaborate treatise from the pen of M. TROLLEY. It is evident that the centralisation of administration in France, or rather its consequence of attempting to unite the many branches of a system, which it is utterly impossible to render clear and uninvolved, must render it beyond every thing difficult to convey a lucid view of the relative position and dependencies of the whole administrative machinery of France. Aware of this, M. TROLLEY has, for some time past, devoted himself to the subject in question, and the result of his observations is now before the public. It is an indispensable work for those who are desirous of learning the organisation of the various branches of administration, and is written throughout in a clear and comprehensive style.

Among the numerous propositions and plans to which the colonization of the African possessions has given rise, there is of course very much not worth naming. This is, in some degree, accounted for by the fact, that on the part of the government itself, every measure that the last few years have produced has been marked by great indecision, and the evident want of a determined plan. Among the very few of these publications to which any respect or deference can be paid, is a pamphlet by the Abbé LANDMANN, entitled "Memoire au Roi sur la Colonization de l'Algérie." We cannot enter into a sketch of the plans here laid before the monarch, but



must content ourselves with observing, that the author, who, by a long residence has made himself well acquainted with the locality, begins with the principle that the colonies must, so far as possible, maintain themselves from their own resources. Whether the means he proposes to bring about this consummation are well adapted thereto, we cannot take upon ourselves to say. Only, this much is evident, that, as matters now stand, Algiers has, for a length of time, not only cost immense sums of money, but likewise a frightful sacrifice of human life.

We believe we have before directed attention to some evidences of the spirit of court-legitimation, which, occasionally manifesting itself in the literary world, calls vividly to mind the efforts of what we imagined an extinct race of panegyrists. Of this kind we may name another work, strictly appertaining to the class of incense giving literature. It is the "Souvenirs des Voyages de Mgr. le Duc de Bordeaux en Italie, en Allemagne, et des états de l'Autriche," which has lately appeared in two volumes, edited by the Count LOCMARIA. It contains nothing new, very little that will even amuse, but it is rather a combination of gross flattery and bungling innuendo.

An important accessory has been made to our histories of that eventful period for France, the empire of NAPOLEON, by the conclusion of BIGNOU's "Histoire de France sous Napoleon," which is now announced as about to appear. It is said that the eleventh and twelfth volumes, which extend from the time of the Russian campaign until November 1813, are already leaving the press. The editorship of the literary remains discovered among BIGNOU's papers, has been undertaken by ERNOU, the son-in-law of the author. From all that has been heard, it would appear that no new edition of his entire works is contemplated, but simply a revision and elucidation of some detached portions.

The history of the spiritual missions which has been undertaken in France, to the uncivilised parts of Asia, Africa, and America, offers many passages of great interest, and many deeds of enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice. Science also owes very much to these brave-hearted men, who thus willingly exchanged the charms and luxuries of an European life, for the sufferings, dangers, and trials of a wandering existence. To acknowledge this, it is but necessary to call to mind all that has been accomplished by the French Jesuits, in enlarging our acquaintance with the Chinese empire. A collection of all notices relative to this subject, whereby a complete history of missionary life might be formed, would indeed be an invaluable work. That of HURION, which has, we believe, been translated, does not answer all that is wanted. It would seem to have proceeded less from scientific interest, than from a speculation upon the religious feeling which was universally manifested at the time of its publication. Another work on the same material has lately been announced as based on broader and more general principles. Its title is "Histoire de l'Apostolat; Voyages des Missionnaires Catholiques, dans routes les Contrées du Monde," by DALLY. It is calculated to extend to twelve volumes, of which the first is about to be published. The large plan of the whole undertaking leads us naturally to anticipate greater accuracy and completeness than the above-named work of HURION could possibly furnish. It is only to be hoped that the author will not be led into the common-place maudlin tone generally adopted by writers of this class; indeed, unless his work bears evidence of larger views, and a careful representation of positive results, half the end aimed at in rendering it a work of science and authority, will be utterly lost.

It is repeatedly remarked, that French imaginative literature wanders further and further from a legitimate aim, to involve itself in the department of criminal

jurisprudence, and the mysteries of the secret police. The only advantage that can possibly arise from this manifest perversion is, that the authors themselves, who yield to this tendency, will certainly, in consequence of these studies, qualify themselves admirably for the situation of police spies. This idea occurs to us, while regarding a work that has lately appeared, which, as its title would denote, presents to us the history of a political spy; "Histoire d'un Espion Politique sous la Restauration le Consulat, et l'Empire." It is to us quite incomprehensible, how a writer of such capabilities as M. N. FOURNIER, whose name once figured with satisfaction in the *feuilletons*, can lend himself to such palpable book-making, the motives of which are manifest to every one.

"Histoire de la Poésie Provençale," is a work deserving of mention. It had long been anticipated in the literary world, that the learned FAURIEL, when disabled by ill health from continuing his admirable lectures, would suffer them eventually to be published. This idea was encouraged by the appearance of some fragments in the *Revue de Paris*, which naturally suggested the publication of the whole in a complete form. It is only now, after a lapse of some time since the death of the author, that we are favoured with that portion of his lectures, which treats of the history of Provençale literature. The work embraces three volumes, and it cannot be too highly recommended to all who feel sufficiently interested to study the subject.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Mosses from the Old Manse.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In 2 parts. New York and London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

DURING the two years that THE CRITIC has employed itself in reporting the progress of literature in other countries, we have had frequent occasion to comment upon the marked absence of originality in the authors of America. There is no stamp of nationality in their genius. For aught that appears, their best works might have been produced by Europeans. Glancing at the American reviews, one is surprised to see how small a proportion of all the books reviewed are of native origin. Four-fifths, at the least, are importations from England; when, therefore, an author appears in the United States having substantial claims to originality of thought, and shewing a good title to occupy a niche in the Valhalla of the world, he should receive a cordial welcome, not only from his own countrymen, who are honoured in him, but from all who can sympathize with genius, whatever its clime or creed, and whether monarchical or republican.

Having such a respect for genius for its own sake, without reference to the circumstances by which it has been moulded, we give to Mr. HAWTHORNE a most hearty welcome, and willingly lend him such help as THE CRITIC can towards making his merits known to English readers. These *Mosses from the Old Manse* are delightful compositions, equalling the best of the German fictions in manner, and rivalling them in matter. If we were to follow our own inclinations, we should take lavishly from these pleasant pages, so abounding in poetry, and so rich in luxuriant descriptions. The volumes are made up of mingled sketches, essays, and tales, such as will charm the young, and cause even the old to listen; and they will certainly become the favourites of every family circle into which they are introduced.

A few extracts will be the best recommendation of this work, and we appeal to them in justification of the remarks we have passed upon it. First, for a picture of

#### THE OLD MANSE.

Between two tall gate-posts of rough hewn stone (the gate

itself having fallen from its hinges, at some unknown epoch), we beheld the grey front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees. It was now a twelve-month since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gate-way towards the village burying-ground. The wheel-track, leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows, and an old white horse, who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows, that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway, were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which, the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly, it had little in common with those ordinary abodes, which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows, the figures of passing travellers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement, and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman; a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honoured parsonages of England, in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it, as with an atmosphere. Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant, until that memorable summer-afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he, by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number, that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations, to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind, among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances, he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse, well worth those boards of long hidden gold, which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality—a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unprejudiced, views of religion;—histories (such as Bancroft might have written, had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed), bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought;—these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone.

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote "Nature"; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil, that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint, and golden-tinted paper hangings, lighted up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow-tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints, there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other de-

corations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice; for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed. The study had three windows, set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman, who then dwelt in the Manse, stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations; he saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British, on the hither bank; he awaited, in an agony of suspense, the rattle of the musketry. It came—and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house. Perhaps the reader—whom I cannot help considering as my guest in the Old Manse, and entitled to all courtesy, in the way of sight-showing—perhaps he will choose to take a nearer view of the memorable spot. We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered, imperceptibly towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away, in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and willows, or the roots of elms and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink, that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others. The reader must not, from any testimony of mine, contract a dislike towards our slumberous stream. In the light of a calm and golden sunset, it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest. Each tree and rock, and every blade of grass, is distinctly imaged, and, however unsightly in reality, assumes ideal beauty in the reflection. The minutest things of earth, and the broad aspect of the firmament, are pictured equally without effort, and with the same felicity of success. All the sky glows downward at our feet; the rich clouds float through the unruffled bosom of the stream, like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart. We will not, then, malign our river as gross and impure, while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it; or, if we remember its tawny hue and the muddiness of its bed, let it be a symbol that the earthliest human soul has an infinite spiritual capacity, and may contain the better world within its depths. But, indeed, the same lesson might be drawn out of any mud-puddle in the streets of a city—and, being taught us every where, it must be true.

There are some novel ideas in these reflections on



## A SHRUBBERY.

The trees, in our orchard and elsewhere, are as yet naked, but already appear full of life and vegetable blood. It seems as if, by one magic touch, they might instantaneously burst into full foliage, and that the wind, which now sighs through their naked branches, might make sudden music amid innumerable leaves. The moss-grown willow-tree, which for forty years past has overshadowed these western windows, will be among the first to put on its green attire. There are some objections to the willow; it is not a dry and cleanly tree, and impresses the beholder with an association of sliminess. No trees, I think, are perfectly agreeable as companions, unless they have glossy leaves, dry bark, and a firm and hard texture of trunk and branches. But the willow is almost the earliest to gladden us with the promise and reality of beauty, in its graceful and delicate foliage, and the last to scatter its yellow yet scarcely withered leaves upon the ground. All through the winter, too, its yellow twigs give it a sunny aspect, which is not without a cheering influence, even in the greyest and gloomiest day. Beneath a clouded sky, it faithfully remembers the sunshine. Our old house would lose a charm, were the willow to be cut down, with its golden crown over the snow-covered roof, and its heap of summer verdure.

The lilac-shrubs, under my study-windows, are likewise almost in leaf; in two or three days more, I may put forth my hand, and pluck the topmost bough in its freshest green. These lilacs are very aged, and have lost the luxuriant foliage of their prime. The heart, or the judgment, or the moral sense, or the taste, is dissatisfied with their present aspect. Old age is not venerable, when it embodies itself in lilacs, rose-bushes, or any other ornamental shrubs: it seems as if such plants, as they grow only for beauty, ought to flourish only in immortal youth, or, at least, to die before their sad decrepitude. Trees of beauty are trees of Paradise, and therefore not subject to decay, by their original nature; though they have lost that precious birth-right by being transplanted to an earthly soil. There is a kind of ludicrous unfitness in the idea of a time-stricken and grandfatherly lilac-bush. The analogy holds good in human life. Persons who can only be graceful and ornamental—who can give the world nothing but flowers—should die young, and never be seen with grey hair and wrinkles, any more than the flower-shrubs with mossy bark and blighted foliage, like the lilacs under my window. Not that beauty is worthy of less than immortality,—no, the beautiful should live for ever,—and thence, perhaps, the sense of impropriety, when we see it triumphed over by time. Apple-trees, on the other hand, grow old without reproach. Let them live as long as they may, and contort themselves into whatever perversity of shape they please, and deck their withered limbs with a spring-time gaudiness of pink-blossoms, still they are respectable, even if they afford us only an apple or two in a season. Those few apples—or, at all events, the remembrance of apples in by-gone years—are the atonement which utilitarianism inexorably demands, for the privilege of lengthened life. Human flower-shrubs, if they will grow old on earth, should, beside their lovely blossoms, bear some kind of fruit that will satisfy earthly appetites; else neither man, nor the decorum of nature, will deem it fit that the moss should gather on them.

We conclude with a somewhat long but ingenious paper entitled

## THE PROCESSION OF LIFE.

Life figures itself to me as a festal or funereal procession. All of us have our places, and are to move onward under the direction of the Chief Marshal. The grand difficulty results from the invariably mistaken principles on which the deputy marshals seek to arrange this immense concourse of people, so much more numerous than those that train their interminable length through streets and highways in times of political excitement. Their scheme is ancient, far beyond the memory of man, or even the record of history, and has hitherto been very little modified by the innate sense of something wrong, and the dim perception of better methods, that have disquieted all the ages through which the procession has taken its march. Our first attempt at classification is not very successful. It may gratify the pride of aristocracy to reflect, that disease, more than any other circumstance of human life, pays due observance to the dis-

tinctions which rank and wealth, and poverty and lowliness have established among mankind. Some maladies are rich and precious, and only to be acquired by the right of inheritance, or purchased with gold. Of this kind is the gout, which serves as a bond of brotherhood to the purple-visaged gentry, who obey the herald's voice, and painfully hobble from all civilized regions of the globe to take their post in the grand procession. In mercy to their toes, let us hope that the march may not be long. The Dyspeptics, too, are people of good standing in the world. For them the earliest salmon is caught in our eastern rivers, and the shy woodcock stains the dry leaves with his blood, in his remotest haunts; and the turtle comes from the far Pacific islands to be gobbled up in soup. They can afford to flavour all their dishes with indolence, which, in spite of the general opinion, is a sauce more exquisitely piquant than appetite won by exercise. Apoplexy is another highly respectable disease. We will rank together all who have the symptom of dizziness in the brain, and, as fast as any drop by the way, supply their places with new members of the board of aldermen. On the other hand, here come whole tribes of people, whose physical lives are but a deteriorated variety of life, and themselves a meaner species of mankind; so sad an effect has been wrought by the tainted breath of cities, scanty and unwholesome food, destructive modes of labour, and the lack of those moral supports that might partially have counteracted such bad influences. Behold here a train of house painters, all afflicted with a peculiar sort of colic. Next in place we will marshal those workmen in cutlery, who have breathed a fatal disorder into their lungs, with the impalpable dust of steel. Tailors and shoemakers, being sedentary men, will chiefly congregate into one part of the procession, and march under similar banners of disease; but among them we may observe here and there a sickly student, who has left his health between the leaves of classic volumes; and clerks, likewise, who have caught their deaths on high official stools; and men of genius too, who have written sheet after sheet, with pens dipped in their heart's blood. These are a wretched, quaking, short-breathed set. But what is this crowd of pale-cheeked, slender girls, who disturb the ear with the multiplicity of their short, dry coughs? They are seamstresses who have plied the daily and nightly needle in the service of master tailors and closeted contractors, until now it is almost time for each to hem the borders of her own shroud. Consumption points their place in the procession. With their sad sisterhood are intermingled many youthful maidens, who have sickened in aristocratic mansions, and for whose aid science has unavailingly searched its volumes, and whom breathless love has watched. In our ranks the rich maiden and the poor seamstress may walk arm in arm. We might find innumerable other instances, where the bond of mutual disease—not to speak of nation-sweeping pestilence—embraces high and low, and makes the king the brother of a clown. But it is not hard to own that disease is the natural aristocrat. Let him keep his state, and have his established orders of rank, and wear his royal mantle of the colour of a fever flush; and let the noble and wealthy boast their own physical infirmities, and display their symptoms as the badges of high station! All things considered, these are as proper subjects of human pride as any relations of human rank that men can fix upon. Sound again, thou deep-breathed trumpeter! and herald, with thy voice of might, shout forth another summons, that shall reach the old baronial castles of Europe, and the rudest cabin of our western wilderness! What class is next to take its place in the procession of mortal life? Let it be those whom the gifts of intellect have united in a noble brotherhood! Aye, this is a reality, before which the conventional distinctions of society melt away, like a vapour when we would grasp it with the hand. Were Byron now alive, and Burns, the first would come from his ancestral Abbey, flinging aside, though unwillingly, the inherited honours of a thousand years, to take the arm of the mighty peasant, who grew immortal while he stooped behind his plough. These are gone; but the hall, the farmer's fireside, the hut, perhaps the palace, the counting-room, the workshop, the village, the city, life's high places and low ones, may all produce their poets, whom a common temperament pervades like an electric sympathy. Peer or ploughman will muster them, pair by pair, and shoulder to shoulder.



Other modes of intellect bring together as strange companies. Silk-gowned professor of languages, give your arm to this sturdy blacksmith, and deem yourself honoured by the conjunction, though you behold him grimy from the anvil. All varieties of human speech are like his mother tongue to this rare man. Indiscriminately, let those take their places, of whatever rank they come, who possess the kingly gifts to lead armies, or to sway a people, Nature's generals, her law-givers, her kings, and with them, also, the deep philosophers, who think the thought in one generation that is to revolutionize society in the next. With the hereditary legislator, in whom eloquence is a far-descended attainment—a rich echo repeated by powerful voices, from Cicero downward—we will match some wondrous backwoodsman, who has caught a wild power of language from the breeze among his native forest boughs. But we may safely leave brethren and sisterhood to settle their own congenialities. Our ordinary distinctions become so trifling, so impalpable, so ridiculously visionary, in comparison with a classification founded on truth, that all talk about the matter is immediately a common-place. Yet, the longer I reflect, the less am I satisfied with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. At best, it is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all. Perhaps, moreover, he, whose genius appears deepest and truest, excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out, occasionally, a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly, though unutterably conscious. Therefore, though we suffer the brotherhood of intellect to march onward together, it may be doubted whether their peculiar relation will not begin to vanish as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of this present world. But we do not classify for eternity.

We have called the Evil; now let us call the Good. The trumpet's brazen throat should pour heavenly music over the earth, and the herald's voice go forth with the sweetness of an angel's accents, as if to summon each upright man to his reward. \* \* \* The first that presents himself is a man of wealth, who has bequeathed the bulk of his property to a hospital; his ghost, methinks, would have a better right here than his living body. But here they come, the genuine benefactors of their race. Some have wandered about the earth with pictures of bliss in their imagination, and with hearts that shrank sensitively from the idea of pain and woe, yet have studied all varieties of misery that human nature can endure. The prison, the insane asylum, the squalid chamber of the almshouse, the manufactory, where the demon of machinery annihilates the human soul, and the cotton-field where God's image becomes a beast of burthen; to these, and every other scene where man wrongs or neglects his brother, the apostles of humanity have penetrated. This missionary, black with India's burning sunshine, shall give his arm to a pale-faced brother who has made himself familiar with the infected alleys and loathsome haunts of vice, in one of our own cities. The generous founder of a college shall be the partner of a maiden lady of narrow substance, one of whose good deeds it has been to gather a little school of orphan children. If the mighty merchant whose benefactions are reckoned by thousands of dollars deem himself worthy, let him join the procession with her whose love has proved itself by watchings at the sick bed, and all those lowly offices which bring her into actual contact with disease and wretchedness. And with those whose impulses have guided them to benevolent actions, we will rank others, to whom Providence has assigned a different tendency and different powers. Men who have spent their lives in generous and holy contemplation for the human race; those who, by a certain heavenliness of spirit, have purified the atmosphere around them, and thus supplied a medium in which good and high things may be projected and performed,—give to these a lofty place among the benefactors of mankind, although no deed, such as the world calls deeds, may be recorded of them. There are some individuals, of whom we cannot conceive it proper that they should apply their hands to any earthly instrument, or work out any definite act; and others, perhaps not less high, to whom it is an essential attribute to labour, in body as well as spirit, for the welfare of their brethren. Thus, if we find a spiritual sage, whose unseen, inestimable influence has exalted the moral standard of mankind, we will choose for his companion some poor labourer, who has wrought for love in the potato-field of a neighbour poorer than himself. We

have summoned this various multitude—and, to the credit of our nature, it is a large one—on the principle of Love. It is singular, nevertheless, to remark the shyness that exists among many members of the present class, all of whom we might expect to recognize one another by the free-masonry of mutual goodness, and to embrace like brethren, giving God thanks for such various specimens of human excellence. But it is far otherwise. Each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns. It is difficult for the good Christian to acknowledge the good Pagan; almost impossible for the good Orthodox to grasp the hand of the good Unitarian, leaving to their Creator to settle the matters in dispute, and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then again, though the heart be large, yet the mind is often of such moderate dimensions as to be exclusively filled up with one idea. When a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence—to one species of reform—he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy that there is no other good to be done on earth but that selfsame good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions. All else is worthless; his scheme must be wrought out by the united strength of the whole world's stock of love, or the world is no longer worthy of a position in the universe. Moreover, powerful Truth, being the rich grape-juice expressed from the vineyard of ages, has an intoxicating quality, when imbibed by any save a powerful intellect, and often, as it were, impels the quaffer to quarrel in his cups. For such reasons, strange to say, it is harder to contrive a friendly arrangement of these brethren of love and righteousness, in the procession of life, than to unite even the wicked, who, indeed, are chained together by their crimes. The fact is too preposterous for tears, too lugubrious for laughter. But, let good men push and elbow one another as they may, during their earthly march, all will be peace among them when the honourable array of their procession shall tread on heavenly ground. There they will doubtless find, that they have been working each for the other's cause, and that every well-delivered stroke, which, with an honest purpose, any mortal struck, even for a narrow object, was indeed stricken for the universal cause of good. Their own view may be bounded by country, creed, profession, the diversities of individual character—but above them all is the breath of Providence. How many, who have deemed themselves antagonists, will smile hereafter, when they look back upon the world's wide harvest field, and perceive that, in unconscious brotherhood, they were helping to bind the selfsame sheaf! But, come! The sun is hastening westward, while the march of human life, that never paused before, is delayed by our attempt to re-arrange its order. It is desirable to find some comprehensive principle, that shall render our task easier by bringing thousands into the ranks, where hitherto we have brought one. Therefore let the trumpet, if possible, split its brazen throat with a louder note than ever, and the herald summon all mortals who, from whatever cause, have lost, or never found, their proper places in the world. Obedient to this call, a great multitude come together, most of them with a listless gait, betokening weariness of soul, yet with a gleam of satisfaction in their faces, at a prospect of at length reaching those positions which, hitherto, they have vainly sought. But here will be another disappointment; for we can attempt no more than merely to associate, in one fraternity, all who are afflicted with the same vague trouble. Some great mistake in life is the chief condition of admittance into this class. Here are members of the learned professions, whom Providence endowed with special gifts for the plough, the forge, and the wheelbarrow, or for the routine of unintellectual business. We will assign them, as partners in the march, those lowly labourers and handicraftsmen, who have pined, as with a dying thirst, after the unattainable fountains of knowledge. The latter have lost less than their companions; yet more, because they deem it infinite. Perchance the two species of unfortunates may comfort one another. Here are Quakers with the instinct of battle in them; and men-of-war who should have worn the broad-brim. Authors shall be ranked here, whom some freak of Nature, making game of her poor children, had imbued with the confidence of genius, and strong desire of fame, but has favoured with no corresponding power; and others, whose lofty gifts were unaccompanied with the faculty of expression,

or any of that earthly machinery, by which ethereal endowments must be manifested to mankind. All these, therefore, are melancholy laughing-stocks. Next, here are honest and well-intentioned persons, who by a want of tact—by inaccurate perceptions—by a distorting imagination—have been kept continually at cross-purposes with the world, and bewildered upon the path of life. Let us see, if they can confine themselves within the line of our procession. In this class, likewise, we must assign places to those who have encountered that worst of ill-success, a higher fortune than their abilities could vindicate; writers, actors, painters, the pets of a day, but whose laurels wither unrenewed amid their hoary hair; politicians, whom some malicious contingency of affairs has thrust into conspicuous station, where, while the world stands gazing at them, the dreary consciousness of imbecility makes them curse their birth-hour. To such men, we give for a companion him whose rare talents, which perhaps require a revolution for their exercise, are buried in the tomb of sluggish circumstances. Not far from these, we must find room for one whose success has been of the wrong kind; the man who should have lingered in the cloisters of a university, digging new treasures out of the Herculaneum of antique lore, diffusing depth and accuracy of literature throughout his country, and thus making for himself a great and quiet fame. But the outward tendencies around him have proved too powerful for his inward nature, and have drawn him into the arena of political tumult, there to contend at disadvantage, whether front to front, or side by side, with the brawny giants of actual life. He becomes, it may be, a name for brawling parties to bandy to and fro, a legislator of the Union; a governor of his native State; an ambassador to the courts of kings or queens; and the world may deem him a man of happy stars. But not so the wise; and not so himself, when he looks through his experience, and sighs to miss that fitness, the one invaluable touch which makes all things true and real. So much achieved, yet how abortive is his life! Whom shall we choose for his companion? Some weak-framed blacksmith, perhaps, whose delicacy of muscle might have suited a tailor's shop-board better than the anvil. Shall we bid the trumpet sound again? It is hardly worth the while. There remain a few idle men of fortune, tavern and grog-shop loungers, lazzaroni, old bachelors, decaying maidens, and people of crooked intellect or temper, all of whom may find their like, or some tolerable approach to it, in the plentiful diversity of our latter class. There, too, as his ultimate destiny, must we rank the dreamer, who, all his life long, has cherished the idea that he was peculiarly apt for something, but never could determine what it was; and there the most unfortunate of men, whose purpose it has been to enjoy life's pleasures, but to avoid a manful struggle with its toil and sorrow. The remainder, if any, may connect themselves with whatever rank of the procession they shall find best adapted to their tastes and consciences. The worst possible fate would be to remain behind, shivering in the solitude of time, while all the world is on the move toward eternity. Our attempt to classify society is now complete. The result may be anything but perfect; yet better—to give it the very lowest phrase—than the antique rule of the herald's office, or the modern one of the tax-gatherer, whereby the accidents and superficial attributes, with which the real nature of individuals has least to do, are acted upon as the deepest characteristics of mankind. Our task is done! Now let the grand procession move!

Yet pause awhile! We had forgotten the Chief-Marshal. Hark! That world-wide swell of solemn music, with the clang of a mighty bell breaking forth through its regulated uproar, announces his approach. He comes; a severe, sedate, immovable, dark rider, waving his truncheon of universal sway, as he passes along the lengthened line, on the pale horse of the Revelations. It is Death! Who else could assume the guidance of a procession that comprehends all humanity? And if some, among these many millions, should deem themselves classed amiss, yet let them take to their hearts the comfortable truth, that Death levels us all into one great brotherhood, and that another state of being will surely rectify the wrong of this. Then breathe thy wail upon the earth's wailing wind, thou band of melancholy music, made up of every sigh that the human heart, unsatisfied, has uttered! There is yet triumph in thy tones. And now we move! Beggars in their rags, and Kings trailing the regal purple in the dust; the

warrior's gleaming helmet; the priest in his sable robe; the hoary grandsire who has run life's circle and come back to childhood; the ruddy school-boy with his golden curls, frisking along the march; the artisan's stuff jacket; the noble's star-decorated coat; the whole presenting a motley spectacle; yet with a dusky grandeur brooding over it. Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of Time, which have blazed along the procession, are flickering in their sockets! And whither! We know not, and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside, as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps pass beyond his sphere. He knows not, more than we, our destined goal. But God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty, or perish by the way!

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

**SILVER MINE AT MAULMEIN.**—We are informed that the discovery of a silver mine has been reported to Government by the surveyor of the teak forests at Maulmein, and that some specimens of the ores have reached Calcutta. It is well known that large quantities of silver are imported from the Burmese territories, but the exact localities in which this precious metal is worked have never, we believe, been ascertained. It is therefore by no means improbable that a workable mine may have been discovered within the British provinces. It could not have happened at a better time. Our supply from China is apparently exhausted, and unless South America can replace it, we bid fair to come to an end of our coinage. A productive silver mine would be a very pretty increase to the company's revenue. It might make up for a fall in opium, or allow a reduction in the salt tax. But as mining is proverbially a lottery, it would perhaps be best to let the mine to adventurers on contract, rather than to form an expensive establishment for what may prove to be of little value. *Calcutta Englishman.*

**COPPER ROCK.**—The *Detroit Advertiser* contains, in a letter addressed to that journal, the following account of a most remarkable natural production:—"You undoubtedly have heard of the enormous copper rock at Eagle Harbour location, pronounced by Dr. Petit the great-grandfather of all the rocks of this kind—estimating its weight at from 75 to 100 tons. A brief description by an eye-witness may be interesting to your readers. At Eagle Harbour, commencing at the shore of the lake, is an open cut 12 feet wide, 85 feet long, 7 to 8 feet deep, in which is found this enormous mass of copper. The sheet, which is 90 per cent. pure copper, is in the centre, running the entire length of the cut, varying in thickness from 6 inches to 2 feet, having branches of from 1 to 2 inches in thickness, shooting from it east and west, and varying in length from 1 to 2 feet. The interstices are filled with sand and trap rock, charged with native copper—say from 50 to 75 per cent.; also small masses of beautifully crystallised marcasite or spar, filled with what has the appearance of copper filings—being quite rich. This is what is called the copper rock, as unlike a rock as possible; it looks more like a large tree that has fallen, and turned to metal, with this exception, that its depth is not in proportion. Large detached masses of native copper, weighing from 50 to 300 lbs. are taken from alongside of this sheet; and the vein stone up to the wall rock is richly charged with copper in its native state."

**ANECDOTE FOR NATURALISTS.**—A few days ago, as the gardener of B. Potter, Esq., of Darley Hall, was mowing the grass plot, he cut open, lengthwise, an alder of large dimensions, out of which ran a mouse, no doubt recently swallowed. The same person, on entering the stable, heard the croaking of a frog in distress, and on proceeding to its rescue, he discovered the little animal with its hind legs in the alder's mouth; and on killing the venomous reptile, the frog leaped away, and escaped uninjured. *Derby Mercury.*

**WOLVES IN FRANCE.**—The environs of Gironville, in the Meuse, have been lately greatly infested with wolves, which have frequently made their appearances in the streets of the village. A short time ago, a person going from Fremerville to St. Martin was attacked on the road by one of these animals, but having a stout stick in his hand, he attempted to beat it off. The combat lasted several minutes, when at last the man



struck the beast so severe a blow on the head, that the latter turned tail and went off, howling with pain. Fortunate it was that it did so, for the man was nearly exhausted by his exertions, and his staff was broken by the force of his last blow.

*Galighani's Messenger.* On yesterday week, about two in the afternoon, the people of Dole, in the Jura, were alarmed by cries of fire, and saw large volumes of what appeared to be smoke, mingled with fragments of buildings, falling towards them from the direction of Lons le Saulnier. It was at last discovered that there was no fire, but that a whirlwind had passed over Lons le Saulnier, extending a breadth of about fifty yards. Not only numerous trees in the neighbourhood were torn up by the roots, but a newly-built house, finished only on the preceding day, was so completely destroyed that scarcely one stone was left on another. Other damage was done. — *French paper.*

### THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

### EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS IN NEW SOUTH

#### WALES.

MR. MITCHELL'S JOURNEY TO THE BOLLOON RIVER, AND TO FORT BOURKE.

(From the *Maitland Mercury*.)

On reference to Major Mitchell's map, shewing the routes of his three expeditions, the Gwyder, vulgarly termed the Big River, will be seen joining that called by him the Karaula, but which should have been designated the Barwan—in about latitude 29° 20', longitude 148° 40'. About fifteen miles above this point the Mooni Creek joins the Barwan. Stations extend up the Barwan forty miles above this junction, and up the Mooni Creek (which, by the way, Mr. Mitchell believes to be the M'Intyre Brook) about seventy miles. The party started from Mr. Pearce's station (Ghoolomata) in a N.W. direction, and in thirty miles reached a country possessing peculiar characteristics, considering its position in the midst of an almost interminable flat. It consisted of gravelly undulations, abounding with grass, and watered by small springs. That at which the party halted was called "Naudo," and had evidently been for centuries a favourite camping place for the natives, who, with their usual improvidence, had used it for purposes which rendered it unfit for drinking at the time of our arrival; but by completely clearing it out we obtained some delicious water; the supply being, however, insufficient for the horses. Mr. Mitchell had some thoughts of terming the spring, from its happy position in a peculiarly beautiful country, "The Diamond of the Desert;" but he found so many of a similar description, that the term seemed inappropriate. He regretted much the excessive smallness of their size, which rendered them, and the surrounding country in its natural state, unavailable for cattle. On the morning of the 4th of November, when travelling due west, the party came upon five wild blacks encamped at a lagoon. They at first made a rush to escape, but were induced to remain by the interpreter, a Bolloon black, who was familiar with them and all the tribes in the neighbourhood. These natives took the party to the Bolloon in about six miles; and they made it at apparently the same point as Mr. John Town, for his name was found on a tree. The river at this point was about the breadth and size of the Barwan. Mr. Mitchell, however, received intelligence from the natives that the Culgoa river was about six miles to the westward; and that the real Bolloon (of which the Bolloon he was then on, and the Culgoa, were mere emanations or divisions) branched into these streams at about twenty miles to the northward.

On the morning of the 6th of November, therefore, the party crossed over to the Culgoa, and traced it upwards to its origin in the Bolloon. Above that spot the river was of very great breadth, and the country on its banks of a very fattening description. There was abundance of barley grass, which, however, was thought of secondary importance, as there grew not on it bush or tree upon which cattle do not thrive. A

tribe of natives, who, on hearing discharges of fire-arms, had concealed themselves in the bush, were with difficulty, by means of the interpreter, induced to return and receive their fish and nets, which were found on the river bank, and which Mr. Mitchell had caused to be properly respected. They were much alarmed, having never seen white men, and had decorated themselves with green boughs, symbolic of peaceful intentions. The habits of all the natives of this river are of the most disgusting character, involving a refinement upon cannibalism too sickening for your columns. Suffice it to say, that this tribe of blacks carried with them two bodies, from which they had extracted and consumed what is termed the *adipose matter*. When a party dies a stage is immediately erected, consisting of a sheet of bark, drilled with holes like a sieve, fixed upon three posts. The body is placed upon this, and an opossum cloak being closely wrapped round the upper portion of it, small fires are kept burning at the two ends of the stage, and one underneath it. A large "coultaman" receives the matter thus extracted by the heat, and the tribe close round and greedily consume, and rub their persons with this horrible extract. After this, the bones and skin are closely wrapped in an opossum cloak, and then rolled in a sheet of freshly stripped bark. The whole, covered with net-work, is then carried about by the tribe for a considerable time, and is ultimately deposited in some hollow log. Numbers of these stages are to be found on the Bolloon, and high up the Mooni Creek. On the 7th of November, the party proceeded a considerable distance up the river, the character of the country becoming hourly more striking. They encamped at a noble reach called "Toondi," which Mr. Christopher Bagot (one of the party) computed to be about one hundred yards in breadth, from the fact of his having used that number of strokes in swimming it. The natives again encamped with the party here; and in crossing from the opposite bank, there seemed to be the greatest alarm lest any of their mummied corpses, of which they had five, should touch the water, and the most religious care was taken to prevent such an occurrence. Three men were seen engaged in holding up one of them. The party was here, as every where, supplied with fish in abundance, and shewn the most friendly feeling. There was one exception to the gratitude displayed by the natives on their being presented with bread; a young gin refused to receive it, and fell into violent hysterics.

The information received by Mr. Mitchell from the various parties of aborigines he had fallen in with tended to shew that two white men had been killed up the Bolloon, and one on the Birie; but having expected to receive a confirmation of the report which had been brought into the Barwan, of the number of six men, at a distance not so great as that he had already attained, the unsatisfactory nature of the intelligence he had been able to acquire, coupled with the knowledge that there were important duties awaiting him on the Barwan, induced him at once to return; and he reached Mr. Pearce's station on the 13th November, having been absent from it eight days. It then became necessary for Mr. Mitchell to survey the located portions of the Barwan River, settling the boundaries of the runs, &c. for a distance of nearly three hundred miles downwards, until he arrived at Mohanna, a station of Mr. Nelson Lawson's. Here he found the first hill he had seen for many hundred miles, and from the top of it he perceived two others, distant about forty miles, east-south-east, with tabulated summits, which he recognised as Oxley's Table Land, and thus became aware of his not being more than seventy miles from Fort Bourke; and, certain of the identity of the Darling and Barwan rivers, which had previously been a mere matter of opinion, he mounted his men upon fresh horses, and made Fort Bourke the second day. At the first halting-place he was attacked by the blacks, who hovered about during the whole night, but no accident occurred. The fort he found almost entirely burnt down; but the temporary stockyard, erected by Major Mitchell in 1835, was almost as secure as when erected. The next day Mr. Mitchell returned to Mohanna. The Barwan stations are now proved to occupy as happy a position with respect to market as could be desired, being almost equi-distant from Sydney and Adelaide, the river pointing out the way for them to the latter place. It is singular that the only located parts of the Darling river are those untraversed by any regular explorer, having been opened entirely by the energies of the stockholders thereon, who, it is



fortunate, are gentlemen of high intelligence, and likely to take advantage of the Adelaide market which is now open to them.

The *Sydney Herald* (April 6) contains the following interesting notice of the progress of Sir Thomas Mitchell, Mr. Mitchell's father.—

#### SIR THOMAS MITCHELL.

On Saturday letters were received from Sir Thomas Mitchell, who is advancing from Fort Bourke to the northward. He is nearly one hundred miles west of the Darling, and is in raptures with the country he is travelling over, which he says far surpasses anything he has seen in the colony—even in the best parts of Australia Felix. His exact position at the date of the letter was latitude 29°45'4", longitude 147°34'30". Sir Thomas writes in high spirits, and considered the prospects of the expedition most flattering: all the party were well. He had received accounts of the result of Captain Sturt's travels, and there is now no doubt that the despatches containing Leichhardt's diary will overtake him. The discovery of so much good country to the west of us is in the highest degree gratifying.

The whole country is in high spirits at the discoveries of Leichhardt, and a large subscription has been raised for a testimonial to him.

### ART.

#### THE BUDRUN MARBLES.

The following particulars relative to these marbles, which we have hitherto been unable to examine, we extract from our contemporary the *Athenæum*:—We are happy to announce that the Budrun Marbles, secured to us by the active and praiseworthy exertions of Sir Stratford Canning, have arrived from Asia Minor, and are now safely deposited in the British Museum. The pieces of frieze of which this most interesting collection consists have been removed from the walls of the Turkish fort into which they were built; and where they have, from time to time, been noticed by European travellers—though no very critical account of them has ever been published. Budrun, as is well known, occupies the site of the ancient Halicarnassus; and it has, with great probability, been supposed that these sculptures formed part of the celebrated mausoleum erected, in that city, by Artemisia, Queen of Caria, to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, B.C. 350—and have, like the frieze in the Temple of Victory, at Athens, been used by the Turks as the building materials of a fort erected on the site of this monument. If this opinion be correct, these sculptures have an historical value scarcely less than those of the Parthenon: for we learn from ancient writers that the frieze of the Mausoleum was the work of four of the most celebrated artists of the day,—Bryaxis, Leochares, Scopas, Timotheos,—or, according to Vitruvius, Praxiteles. The Budrun Marbles would thus represent the style of a period, in the history of Greek sculpture, of which, from the want of dated monuments, our knowledge is most uncertain,—the century preceding the reign of Alexander the Great, and distinguished in the history of art as the Praxitelean period. We will describe these sculptures as far as a first hasty examination will enable us. The subject, like that of the Phrygian and Lycian friezes, is a battle with Amazons. At the first glance we are struck by the masterly composition of the groups, the knowledge and skill which distinguished the Athenian school. As the eye dwells longer and compares more critically, we perceive certain peculiarities distinguishing the style from that of the older Greek friezes with which we are acquainted. With no trace of the careless, barbaric ignorance so apparent in the Lycian friezes, with more elaborate and skilful execution than the Phrygian, these sculptures still want the simplicity, repose, and unconscious beauty of the art of Phidias. Though the general composition is finely conceived, the design and treatment are not without mannerism. The true proportions of the figures, when compared with those of the Elgin sculptures, appear unnaturally elongated; and the graceful flow of the draperies is singularly contrasted with the poverty and meagreness of some of the anatomical details and the constraint of the attitudes. We are at once reminded

of Pliny's description of the new style introduced by Lysippus;—who, in order to give greater height to his figures, substituted a greater dryness of treatment for the squareness and full muscular development of the earlier school. With this change in the type commenced the general decadence in Art which may be traced step by step in the coins of the Seleucidæ, and other successors of Alexander; and which, from the evidence of the Budrun Marbles, according to their presumed date, must have been already introduced B.C. 350. This is rather an earlier epoch than that from which the decline of sculpture is usually dated; and it must be confessed that the Budrun friezes, when compared with the reliefs of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, a contemporary work, and other sculptures considered to be of the same period, exhibit far more strikingly the characteristics of decadence; and might, in the absence of all historical data, be assigned with great probability to the century after the death of Alexander, B.C. 329. We will not, however, here anticipate a discussion involving the historical research and critical knowledge of art which will be required to solve the question whether the Budrun Marbles can be identified with the friezes of the Mausoleum. The surface of the sculpture is tolerably preserved—the marble not of very fine quality.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.—The "monster statue" being at length entirely completed, was submitted by Mr. Wyatt, the sculptor, to private inspection on Saturday last. All the different portions of the work, for it has been cast in many pieces, have been fused together, so that the equestrian statue may be now said to consist of a single mass of metal. Its dimensions are so vast, being not less than 27 feet in height, that the difficulty of passing an opinion on the particular merits or general effect of the composition may easily be conceived, when inspected within the contracted limits of the artist's atelier. Indeed, until the statue is placed on the arch assigned for its reception no satisfactory view can be obtained of it. The composition has been so frequently described that it is hardly necessary to repeat that the horse stands in a quiescent attitude, and that the Duke is represented holding a telescope extended in his right hand, and habited in the costume he wore at the battle of Waterloo, the whole of which, down to the stirrups and spurs, have been copied with scrupulous fidelity. The metal has been brightened, and now boasts of a more attractive colour than it will after some exposure to the weather. The weight of the statue is calculated at 40 tons. The carriage which is to convey this enormous mass of metal to Hyde-Park-corner, and which has been constructed at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, is a framework of three massive pieces of timber strongly knit together, and supported on two pairs of the driving wheels of the Great Western Railway, 12 feet in diameter, 12 inches broad, and weighing from 9 to 10 tons. As the statue and carriage together will weigh upwards of 50 tons, from 30 to 40 horses will probably be required to draw it. It is supposed that the statue will be removed to its place of destination within a fortnight.

COST OF THE CITY WELLINGTON STATUE.—The sum subscribed for the equestrian statue was 11,619*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* The expenses of committee meetings, collection, &c. did not exceed 1,120*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, and the money paid to Sir Francis Chantrey and his executors was 10,487*l.* 17*s.*; yet the metal was given by government!

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The public, and more especially that part of it to which the encouragement of the fine arts is an object of interest, will be gratified by learning that those who have the control over the funds by which pictures are purchased for the National Gallery, have just bought of Mr. Farrer, of Wardour-street, one of the finest pictures of Velasquez. There is no doubt about the genuineness of this picture. It was formerly in the royal collection of Spain, and was presented some years ago by Ferdinand VII. to Lord Cowley, from whom it was recently purchased by Mr. Farrer. It was offered a few years back by Lord Cowley to the National Gallery, but the offer was not accepted. It is a large picture of its class, being about 9 feet long and 5 feet high. The painter has represented Philip IV. with several Spanish grandees, and amongst them the Minister Olivarez, assembled at the Prado to enjoy the sport of hunting the wild boar. The Queen and the Infantas are in covered carriages within the

enclosure appropriated to the pastime. The less privileged spectators are without the enclosure, in the foreground. Here are gentlemen on horseback and on foot, muleteers, dog-keepers, and such persons as form a Spanish mob. One group is said to represent Velasquez, the artist, in conversation with the celebrated Quevedo, and a person of rank. The back-ground is formed of hilly scenery, near the *Buen Retiro*. Rangers are seen scouring the thickets and driving the wild boars into the toils. The olive trees and shrubs present a faithful view of the locality. In the arena Philip IV. who is on the right hand, pierces a boar; on the left, the Prince of the Asturias awaits another animal of the same sort, which rushes headlong on, pursued by dogs, amidst a cloud of dust. The grandees are all on the *qui vive*, and the whole scene is full of animation and exceedingly spirited. The perspective, the arrangement of the groups, the manner in which the dust is painted, the numerous details, and the general treatment, are all masterly. It is a grand picture, and worthy of the Gallery, in which at the next opening it will be exhibited to the public. This picture was very fortunately rescued from exportation to Holland; it was actually about to be sent out to the Royal Gallery of that country, when it was by a representation made to the proper quarter, not by the owner, but by some of the patrons of art, secured for our own gallery. The celebrated St. Bruno, by Ribiera, which was once in the Escorial, is now, unfortunately for this country, in the possession of the King of Holland. This picture was offered to the Gallery by Mr. Farrer, and received the unqualified approbation of Mr. Eastlake. It was not, however, purchased, and it is now beyond the reach of those who would have done well to have secured it. The purchase of the Velasquez in some measure redeems the error, and may be hailed as the omen of better judgment for the future.

**GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.**—The fifth report of the Council of the School of Design, for the year 1845-46 (from June 1845 to June 1846), signed by Lord Colborne, as chairman, has recently been printed as a Parliamentary document. It extends to nearly forty pages, and gives a favourable account of the metropolitan as well as the provincial branch schools. In the present report the council, having in their last two reports submitted to the Board of Trade the system of instruction adopted in the schools, content themselves with giving a concise account of their proceedings during the last year, with a statement of facts, to exhibit the present state and operations of each school, observing, as before, the following arrangement:—1. Metropolitan schools, namely, the head school, in Somerset House, and the branch school in Spitalfields. 2. Provincial branch schools in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Coventry, Sheffield, Nottingham, York, Norwich, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and prospectively in Paisley, Leeds, and the Staffordshire Potteries. 3. Financial statements, comprising accounts of receipts and payments, and the proposed estimate of expenditure for the current year. From the report it appears that among the manufacturing communities throughout the kingdom, a sense of cultivating taste and of improving skill in ornamental design is becoming more and more evident. In every department of labour to which a knowledge of the arts of design is applicable—among manufacturing proprietors and operative artisans—the subject of their commercial value is attracting increased attention, and instances of earnest interest in the advantage of methodical education in schools of design are continually occurring. Every student is required to draw the human figure, and to pass through at least the elementary classes for this study as an important and indispensable part of the general course of instruction; it being found, by practical experience, that the accurate delineation of beautiful models of the human form is a most efficient means of educating the hand and the eye, and of promoting the refinement of taste. The total number of students in the male school, Somerset House, in May last, was 237; consisting of 47 from 12 to 14 years of age, 62 from 15 to 16, 61 from 17 to 19, and 67 from 20 and upwards. At Midsummer, last year, the prizes distributed to the male and female students of the head school amounted to 2071. The prize competitions have been discontinued, on account of the interruption caused to the regular business of the school. It has been considered preferable to confer suitable rewards for meritorious specimens of art produced by each class throughout the year in the performance of the usual course of class exer-

cises, productions so executed being deemed more decisive and satisfactory evidence of each student's real ability than such as are the result of extra efforts made under the stimulus of temporary competition. It seems that applications have been made from Paisley, the Staffordshire Potteries, and Leeds, and the council consider it advisable to make grants to open schools of design in those counties, and submit the proposal to the Board of Trade. An abstract statement of the expenditure by the Council of the School of Design, on account of the 10,000*l.* granted by Parliament in 1841, appears in the report. The payments on account of the branch schools to January last amounted to 3,900*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* and on account of the head school 4,523*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* making the total payments 8,424*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* and leaving a balance on the grant of 1,575*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*

## MUSIC.

**THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.**—The first performance took place in the Cathedral on Wednesday morning, and was exceedingly well attended. The receipts at the doors amounted to 295*l.* which exceeded by 100*l.* those on the first day of the last festival in this place. The cathedral service was intermixed with a number of sacred compositions performed by the whole vocal and instrumental band, among which were Spohr's overture to the "Last Judgment," Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," and Purcell's "Jubilate." The first miscellaneous concert took place on Wednesday evening in the Shire Hall. The audience was by no means crowded. The selection of music was good, and well performed, though without novelty. Its principal feature was Mendelssohn's imaginative "Wall-purgis Night," which, notwithstanding its great difficulty, went smoothly. Lindlay played a fantasia on the violoncello; a thing which he does only in the provinces, and which is always enthusiastically applauded. Beethoven's beautiful quintet in E flat, for the pianoforte and wind instruments, was admirably played by Messrs. Hatton, G. Cooke, Williams, Platt, and Baumann.—On Thursday morning the performance at the Cathedral drew a crowded audience. It consisted of an English version of Mozart's "Requiem," by Professor Taylor, under the title of "The Redemption; followed by Spohr's oratorio "The Fall of Babylon." Both these pieces, on the whole, were well performed; the only *hitch* worthy of notice occurred in the quartet in the "Fall of Babylon," in which the voices are left without accompaniment. On the band stopping, the singers got wrong, and had to "try back;" after which they went on correctly. The concert and ball on Thursday night were very fully attended.

## FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

**Paris:** The pasticcio of Rossini, to be called *Robert Bruce*, is in rehearsal. Early in November it is expected the first representation will take place of a work that may be called the plank of safety of the Academy Royal de Musique. It is stated that Rossini, in the handsomest manner, has presented Mons. Neidermeyer with all-pecuniary emolument. Mlle. Giuseppina Brambilla has arrived, and M. Coletti is expected this week. Madame Persiani and Ronconi will be in Paris about the 23rd inst. Grisi and Mario will arrive on the 30th. The Theatre Italien will open with *Lucia*. On the 10th or 15th of October will be produced the *Due Foscari*, for the *début* of Coletti, and shortly afterwards the *Fidanzata Corsa* of Pacini, likewise for Coletti. Sivori and Henri Herz leave Paris during the present month for New York. Madame Rossi-Caccia has appeared in the character of *Alice*, in *Robert le Diable*, at the Opera, and met with considerable success. *Guillaume Tell* is to be produced for her, as also, it is said, will the *Siege of Corinth*.—**Vienna:** Jenny Lind is engaged here for three months. She will make her appearance on the 1st of October. Meyerbeer intends coming in person to superintend the *mise en scene* of the *Camp de Silesie*, to which he will add some *morceaux* expressly for the fair cantatrice. The celebrated *prima donna* is engaged for 100,000*fr.* a benefit performance, and with the express stipulation that she shall not sing more than three nights a week.—**The Vienna Gazette** speaks well of a new mass composed by a lady, already known in the Imperial city for her perseverance in composition, Mlle. Nina Stollevarck.—**Hamburg:** If we may judge from

the terms paid to artists in this city, we should be led to conclude that music and dancing were more honourably estimated than in any other part of Germany. Taglioni, Jenny Lind, Fanny Elsler, and Cerito, have each received 100*l.* per night. —*Stuttgart*: On the 20th of August last, the Theatre Royal, which has been closed a long time, in consequence of its undergoing some extensive repairs, was re-opened. It was attended by his Majesty the King, and all the members of the Royal family, who were received with great acclamations by a crowded house. On this occasion the long expected new opera by Lindpaintner, entitled *Lichtenstein*, was produced. The libretto is from the pen of the poet Franz Dingelstedt, founded on the story of Lichtenstein by Hauf. —*Milan*: The La Scala opened for the autumn season, on the 1st inst. with Rossini's *Mose in Egitto*, and the ballet *Sardanapalus*. The opera was performed very indifferently, but the ballet was entirely successful. —*Cesena*: The prima donna, Teresa de Giuli-Borsi, has made a tremendous stir in this city. —*Dr. Mendelssohn* and *Staudigl* took their departure from London together, by the way of Dover, on Sunday last—the former to Leipzig, the latter to Vienna. —At a meeting of the general committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival, held at the News Rooms, August 29, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to I. Moscheles, esq. for the zeal and ability manifested in all his arrangements, preparatory to, and during his conduction of, the Festival." —*Musical World*.

### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**LYCEUM.**—The KEELEYS are assuredly most indefatigable people; no sooner has one piece been brought out, than another is under rehearsal; their ample play-bill is ever full of novelties, new, newer, and newest. And this by no means because these novelties are unsuccessful, but simply because the cosy managers are as full of spirit as of spirits. Far be it from us to complain of this; the company are manifestly, in their beaming faces, very well pleased with the arrangements and with those who make them; the audiences—full ones even now, though JENKINS does say there is not a soul in town—the audiences are well pleased, and it is not for us to grumble, though the KEELEYS do give us a new production to describe every week or so. That which we have to notice now is called *To Parents and Guardians*, and is a comic drama, from the practised pen of the author of *A Trip to Kissingen*. The scene is laid "at Jubilee House Establishment, Clapham, where young gentlemen are, &c. &c." The principal of this establishment is *Mr. Swiss*, a modified *Squeers*, with a pretty daughter, who has no resemblance whatever to *Miss Squeers*. The plot turns upon the discovery that the resident French master, *M. Tourbillon*, who serves as a conductor for *Mr. Swiss*'s spare ill-temper, is a nobleman *in eo*, whose friends, having recovered for him his estates, forfeited in the time of the revolution, are now advertising for him. Hereupon, keeping the discovery to himself, *Swiss*, who has just before been bullying and dismissing the old emigrant, falls before him in the Eastern prostration, and offers him a partnership and the hand of his daughter. This latter proposition is at once rejected by the old man, wedded to the memory of his lost wife, and to the hope of finding their daughter, and, privately, by *Miss Swiss*, and by *Master Robert Nettles*, a young scapegrace, who, as the biggest boy in the school, has taken it into his head to fall vehemently in love with his master's daughter. *Master Robert* and *Miss Swiss* concert together how to prevent the proposed marriage, for they do not know of *Tourbillon*'s objection to it, and just in the nick of time comes up to the gate of the play-ground a poor French girl, way-worn and weary, who vainly attempts to sing to them. Her they dress up in *Miss Mary*'s clothes, designing to pass her off to *Swiss* as *Tourbillon*'s wife from France, when, to the joy of all parties, except old *Swiss*, she turns out to be the emigrant's long-wished-for daughter. The drama is admirably acted. *Mrs. Keeley* may be well imagined in the darling, frisking, wilful, mischievous, but noble-spirited and good-hearted captain of the school; and *Keeley*, in *Waddie*, the fat boy of the school, who is sent on all the errands, including apple and egg stealing, and who would hate *Bob Nettles* for fagging him on all occasions, were it not that he loves him for not letting any other boy than himself thrash him or "poke too much fun" at him when he is sentimental, and for occasionally taking a flogging upon himself instead of its falling upon his father. —*Mr. Wigan*'s impersonation of the old emigrant is admirable. We need hardly add that *Mrs. Wigan* and *Mr. Meadows* lend most effective sup-

port. The comedietta is well got up. The play-ground scene is capitally managed. Next Monday there is to be another new piece—*Which Master Smith?*

**PRINCESS'S.**—A new piece has also been produced here, and most successfully. It is called *Lone's Telegraph*, and turns upon the plan which a couple of lovers under surveillance hit upon for the purpose of communicating with each other, even in the presence of those who are watching them. Accordingly, the lady, when she means to address her lover, unfurls her fan, and then whatever she says, though apparently directed to others, is meant for him; and the lover, on his part, when he desires to communicate with his mistress, twirls his glove. This idea is evolved through a plot whose length and complication utterly preclude our giving it in the space allotted to us, for, to make it intelligible as a whole, each detail must be described. It is well acted; the two principal parts are, of course, placed in the hands of Madame VESTRIS and Mr. C. MATHEWS, and they are supported by Miss EMMA STANLEY and Mr. COMPTON, in the other leading characters. Mr. COMPTON we never saw in more excellent fooling. The *mise en scene* does great credit to the lessee's taste and liberality.

### PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

(For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.)

**BRITISH MUSEUM**, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**NATIONAL GALLERY**, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**THEATRES.**—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

**PANORAMA**, Leicester-square. Every day.

**DIORAMA**, Regent's-park. Every day.

**COSMORAMA**, Regent-street. Every day.

**THE TOWER**. Daily, from 10 to 4.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK**, Baker-street.

**CHINESE EXHIBITION**, Hyde-park-corner.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION**, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

**THE COLOSSEUM**, Regent's-park. Day and night.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Kennington. Daily.

**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS** now open are—*Tableaux Vivants*, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

CANZONET: IDLE THOUGHTS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE meteor-brood

Of fancies, dark and light

That rush across my brain, like the wild flood

O'er which presides some fell and potent sprite,

No force can check,—no law

Can chain!—the weight

Subdues me, till my mind's bark with the freight

Topples and reels,

A useless thing,

'Neath reason's sudden flaw!

Do not entrust

Thy rent skiff to a ferry,

Yet hope to find within it, safe and just,

The stores thou there hast placed: the fallen berry

Swims lightly on the wave

At first,—but given

To surf and sea, by every blast from heaven,

Like idle thoughts

Takes no where root,

But meets a fruitless grave!

Ilfracombe, Aug. 1846.

### NECROLOGY.

M. JOUY, THE POET.

We observe in the Paris papers an account of the funeral of M. Jouy, the poet, and member of the French Academy, whose death took place about a week since. The works by



which he was best known, were his tragedies of "La Vestale" and "Sylla," and, at a later period, the series of sketches called "L'Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin," and "L'Ermite en Province." He began his career in the army, in which he continued till he was thirty years of age, when he retired, on account of his wounds, and devoted himself for the remainder of his life to literature. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His funeral was attended by the poet, Beranger, Messrs. Dupaty, Patin, and Tissot, of the French Academy; Alexandre Dumas, Ponjoulat, Philarete Charles, Hypolite Bis, and several of his old companions in arms and colleagues in literature.

## JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

### METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY'S PLANS.

WE continue the very important evidence of Mr. Dickinson. He proceeds to detail

#### THE AGRICULTURAL VALUE OF SEWAGE WATER.

Colonel T. Wood.—Have you already applied it to twenty acres?—Yes.

Cannot you give the committee the result upon the twenty acres?—Yes, so far as I have gone with it; for instance, I could not consume the food which I should grow; four acres kept 100 horses in grass food till I was obliged to shut up my grass for seed. Now consider what twenty acres would do, and what would be the result.

Have you made any calculation of the expense of conveying the liquid from your premises to the ground?—I have not made any calculation, because I have two businesses, as it were, joined together, the farm and the Curzon-street business; they go hand-in-hand; I can tell you the expense of them both, but they are so bound together it would be difficult to separate them. The expense of this to the farmer is nothing comparatively; the expense to me is a good deal; because, in the first place, I am five miles from my farm; I have no land within almost a quarter of a mile off the homestead; whereas a farmer would collect the urine on the spot, pump and use it on land adjoining.

Are you well assured, as far as you have applied it, that you have been well remunerated for your expenses?—Yes, it is highly remunerative if I look it twice the distance. The remuneration upon the system is incredible, and the increase of produce is incredible.

But the expense may be very great?—Yes, we know what a man, a horse, and cart amount to per day; that is a simple matter. If I can collect the urine at no cost, I am repaid by saving the straw; I have it for nothing. I have it a second time in the health of the animals, and a third time in the produce.

Chairman.—Have you tried it with any other liquids?—Not to any extent.

Have you tried it?—Not to any extent.

To a small extent?—Yes. I have tried guano in liquid, and guano in powder; nitrate of soda in liquid, and nitrate of soda in powder.

What has been the result of the experiments?—There is no comparison between the produce from guano in liquid and urine. My experiments go to show that urine is far beyond guano.

Again.

Mr. B. Smith.—How many perpendicular feet growth of grass did your nine or ten crops produce?—I should think from 15 to 20.

Roughly, what weight?—I have sometimes thought it possible to grow near 100 tons an acre. In weighing a yard the other day, it weighed 84 lbs., which is 174 tons per acre in one crop.

And again.

I am at a loss to calculate the benefit that will arise to agriculture from it. I cannot calculate it, if it were carried out fully, the benefit that would be derived to the nation at large from the use of it; and in order to convey to your minds a more substantial idea, I would recommend you to come down, look at this process, see with your own eyes, and be astonished.

Can you tell us how much urine each horse would produce in the course of a year?—Each horse would produce, in such a stable as mine, three gallons a day.

Can you say how much is sufficient to manure an acre of grass?—Yes; 1,100 gallons of urine would manure an acre.

So that one horse is sufficient to manure how much land?—It

is a matter of calculation I have not entered into; perhaps an acre of ground a year.

Mr. B. Smith.—You would make a horse produce more grass than he could eat?—I have no doubt every animal, if his refuse were applied, would produce more than he could consume; every animal that lives, by its refuse being economized, would produce more than he could consume.

Mr. Tower.—Do you speak to the same water as the sewage water proposed to be applied?—I am speaking now of urine; the sewage water must contain an immense amount of it, and the water of men is more valuable than the water of horses.

It may be observed here that the committee accepted Mr. Dickinson's invitation and inspected his farm. The members expressed themselves perfectly astonished, and observed that he had underrated the results.

The next witness was Mr. J. KNIGHT, the eminent florist and market-gardener at Chelsea. He uses liquid manure, and positively asserted that the smell produced by it was very trifling. He says—

Chairman.—Do you find that this liquid is most useful when it is most strong?—I can scarcely answer that question. We are trying experiments to a much greater extent than we have previously done. Seeing the great advantage that may be derived from a better knowledge of chemistry, we have established a study, a laboratory, and a library for our men, and have had Professor Holmes to give us a course of lectures during the last winter and spring. That has thrown on the subject a great deal of light, but not sufficient to go into a detail of the merits of the thing, but enough to make me extremely anxious to know more about it. I think it could be thoroughly understood by both agriculturists and horticulturists, and by a memorandum made of the quantities and quality of the application, very useful information would be obtained.

And this, he adds, is the utility of

#### SEWAGE-WATER IN GARDENS.

Mr. Tower.—You have spoken with regard to shrubs and flowers; can you give the committee any information with reference to the application of this manure to garden vegetables?—As an opinion, not from practice; I am sure that for cabbage and lettuce, cauliflower, peas, beans, and French beans, and for all those things that have a great effort to make in a short time, and want a stimulus, it would be found one of the very best; an excellent stimulus.

You have never tried any of the sewerage water from any of the main drains in your neighbourhood, or London?—No.

Lord R. Grosvenor.—You live pretty near the sewer?—Yes.

Mr. Tower.—Have you known this applied to any of the gardens in the neighbourhood of Fulham?—I think very much. The high tide flows up a great way, to the Hammersmith-road, and beyond that; and the market-gardeners let a great quantity in of the water from that creek, and they take care to let it in at the time the tide rises, which is bringing up all the drainage of London; and they use it to a great extent; in fact, they saturate the earth with it.

And with good effect?—Yes, with such effect that they seldom use a water-pot.

The SOURCE OF FAT IN ANIMALS.—During the course

of the past year, experiments have been made in France to prove that the fat of animals exceeded the quantity which could be referred to the food they were supplied with. The chief experiments were made on ducks. Some were fed on rice, a substance which contains only few parts of fat in the thousand. Others were fed on rice, with a certain amount of butter added. At the end of the experiment, the first were as lean as when first placed upon the diet; the latter, in a few days, became positively balls of fat. Other experiments were made on pigs. It was found, as the result of several trials, that there was more fat produced than was contained in the food on which they were fed, and that pigs fed for six months on potatoes yielded no more fat than was contained in the food they consumed. Food which, given alone, has not the properties of fattening, when mixed with a fatty matter, acquires the property to an astonishing degree; and fattening articles of food, which do not contain much fat, always abound with its chemical constituents, the principle of which is, *starch*, and from whence the fat acquired is certainly derived.

QUACKERY IN PARIS.—A Dr. Mene, who had acquired a great reputation in the treatment of diseases of the ear, has just been condemned by the Correctional Tribunal to a fine of 300 francs for selling an acoustic oil which was proved to be

nothing more than coloured oil of olives. It is well for the ear-quacks of London that their practices are not watched, similarly detected, and punished.

**USEFUL.**—At this time of year (says a correspondent), when from atmospheric influences animal food is likely to become tainted, it cannot be too generally known that a bit of charred stick boiled with beef or mutton thus affected will take away all taint or disagreeable taste.

A Swiss journal states that the bulb of the dahlia, when dressed like potatoes, affords an excellent article of food.

The wires of the electric telegraph connected with the Munich and Augsburg Railroad have been covered with a coating invented by Professor Stenheil, of Munich, which possesses the virtue of protecting them from lightning, thereby greatly tending to prevent accidents.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The following further experiments on the Rabbi Dannemark's presumed *Clairvoyance*, and his failures, we extract from the *Manchester Courier*.

### EXTRAORDINARY FACULTIES.

#### PROFESSOR RABBI DANNEMARK.

Professor Rabbi Dannemark, of Hungary, of whose alleged extraordinary powers of memory and sight we gave some account in a recent number of the *Courier*, had a public exhibition on Monday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, in the Hebrew School Room, St. Mary's-street, Deansgate. The audience, which was a numerous one, comprised several ladies. Amongst the gentlemen present we observed—Col. Wexyass, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Braid, surgeon; Mr. Franklin, surgeon; Mr. Daniel Noble, surgeon; Mr. Ald. Bancroft, Capt. Brown, and Mr. William Baily, the phrenologist. A large portion of the audience seemed to be of the Jewish persuasion.

Mr. Israel Levi was called to the chair, and acted as interpreter on the occasion.—The Chairman explained that the Rabbi wished to be allowed to go through his performances in his own way without interruption, and that afterwards the audience should have an opportunity of testing his powers. He also wished to explain that he would only go through such performances as were indicated in his circular.

A number of books, either altogether Hebrew or partly so, which had been brought to the meeting by several gentlemen present, were handed in to the Rabbi.—The Rabbi inquired whether the audience wished to see his performances of sight or memory first.—Mr. Braid, surgeon, chose sight first. He wished the Rabbi to perform such an experiment as would leave no doubt on the minds of those present that he possessed the extraordinary powers he alleged. And he proposed to make a mark, to put a pin, or something of the kind, through a Hebrew word in a Psalter he had brought with him, and which had an interlineary translation in English, and wished that the Rabbi should mention the word so marked by the pin. He had brought the book with him in order that there might be no mistake about the matter.—Mr. Braid having stated what his intentions were, the Rabbi took his (Mr. Braid's) Psalter, and having opened it at a certain page, but in such a manner as apparently not to see the page, Mr. Braid introduced one of his fingers into the opening, and the Rabbi stated that he would name the word opposite the finger at another opening made by Mr. Braid. In this he succeeded, as well as in naming the last word of the first line in the page.

Mr. Braid was not at all satisfied with this experiment; he wished to transfix a word in the Psalter, and then let the Rabbi state at once what that word was. The Rabbi insisted upon going through the performance according to his own system first, and when he had finished that, he would allow any question to be put, and would endeavour to give a satisfactory answer to it.

He then opened a book, so as apparently not to see the contents at the opening, requested Mr. Braid to put a piece of paper in at the opening, and stated that he should name the words underneath the paper. In this he succeeded; but not in such a way as to give entire satisfaction, the words named being as much as two lines from the place where the paper was put. Mr. Braid then put his finger upon a point of the binding outside the book, the Rabbi observing that he would state

what were the words immediately opposite to it at the place where it was opened. This experiment was successful; but Mr. Braid said that these experiments were too loose for his ideas of regular scientific investigation, inasmuch as the word was nearly an inch and a half from the point indicated. He would mark a word in the Psalter he had brought with him, and ask the Rabbi to name it; if the Rabbi would not accede to the proposition, he (Mr. Braid) would decline having anything to do with the investigation. The Rabbi stated that as regarded placing a pin on a page of a book, and his naming the word under the pin, he would only perform that in the Talmud. [The Rabbi is said to be very learned in Talmudic literature.] Mr. Braid.—Then I will have nothing more to do with the investigation.

Another book, we believe a volume of the Talmud, was next handled by the Rabbi. At his request several gentlemen of the company named pages of the book, of which they were desirous that the Rabbi should state what were some of the words. The volume was kept entirely closed, until the time when it was opened for the purpose of seeing whether the words mentioned by the Rabbi were really those at the place mentioned. At page 100, one of the pages selected by the company, the Rabbi stated that the first word of the first or second line would be a Hebrew word in large characters, signifying "Mishna." The book was opened by the chairman, and it was found to be so. He next named three words in the fourth line of the 110th page. He likewise succeeded in naming in a similar manner words on page 80, 90, 30, 40, and 45.

The Rabbi then took a Hebrew and German volume, and said he would allow any person to read the first three lines at the place where the book was opened, and that he should then tell the company what the lines were. The Rabbi opened the book (holding the back towards him, and in such a manner as apparently to prevent his seeing the page at which it was opened), and gave it to a person to look at the first three lines. A gentleman objected to the Rabbi's opening the book himself; he thought that he ought to allow that to be done by one of the company.

The experiment was successful; but Mr. Braid observed, the person looking at the lines ought to be permitted to open the book himself; without that, the experiment was unsatisfactory. The Rabbi had displayed powers of memory of a very extraordinary character, but he had not done anything more than that. At the commencement of the exhibition the Rabbi asked the company whether they would have a display of his powers of memory or of sight first. He (Mr. Braid) chose sight, but gave way to memory. And he thought it would be better, for the sake of satisfaction, if a deputation were chosen from the company to act as a committee of inquiry into the Rabbi's alleged powers of sight. If he would allow that in a fair and legitimate manner, it would be to the credit of the Rabbi; and the exhibition might go on that evening without interruption, as proposed.—Mr. Franklin, surgeon, had his own opinion as to the system upon which the Rabbi acted; and coincided with the view of the case taken by Mr. Braid.—We understood the Rabbi to consent to the appointment of a committee of inquiry.

The Rabbi then took Mr. Braid's Psalter, and opened it, having the back of it towards him. The opening of the book by the Rabbi himself was again objected to, but the objection was of no avail. A gentleman present thrust his finger in at the opening, and the Rabbi stated that he should name the words under the finger and over it. In this the Rabbi completely succeeded.

Several experiments of a similar character having been gone through, Mr. Alderman Bancroft insisted upon having a portion of the book he had underscored explained by the Rabbi, without his (the Rabbi's) seeing that portion, otherwise he should not be satisfied.—The Rabbi, through the chairman, stated that he did not pretend to the supernatural.—Mr. Alderman Bancroft stated that, in that case, he would not press him. The faculty the Rabbi possessed was memory, nothing more.—Mr. Franklin wished to know what was the power the Rabbi said he possessed. The Rabbi said he went through his performances without entering upon any reason as to the manner of doing so.

A medical gentleman wished to know if the Rabbi professed to know an occult power, and if so, he wished to know what it



was.—The chairman said he (the Rabbi) did not know what it was. Several other experiments were gone through, but they by no means gave general satisfaction. Amongst others, was that of rapidly counting the number of lines, in letters, pages of books, &c. similar to what we mentioned in our former account of the Rabbi's performances.

At the conclusion of the performance, the Rabbi gave a sort of consent to a further private investigation into his powers, but we incline to the opinion that he will not be asked to go to the trouble of fulfilling his promise, the scientific and other professional men who have already seen and heard him being satisfied that the only extraordinary faculty to the possession of which he can lay claim, is that of an astonishingly retentive memory. He must, therefore, give up all claim, if he ever made one, to the possession of any thing supernatural. On Monday evening the Rabbi did not insist upon the absurdity of people standing in his presence, but, like a sensible man, was content to let the spectators stand or sit as they thought proper.

At present, we refrain from making any comments of our own upon the performances of the Rabbi, but may have occasion again to refer to the subject.

### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

334. RICHARD KNOWLES, formerly of Nallstone, Leicester, farming bailiff. *Something to his advantage.* If dead, information of his death required.
335. NEXT OF KIN of SAMUEL BOWIN, late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex (died Sept. 1834), or their representatives.
336. CHILDREN of DENNIS BURROWS, of Cirencester, Gloucester, and HANNAH BURROWS (formerly Hannah Pitman), his wife, and who were married in the year 1726. *To claim as Next of Kin of one Samuel Bowen, late of Castle-street, Oxford-street, London.*
337. NEXT OF KIN and HEIR-AT-LAW of ANN WILLIAMS, of Tottenham, Middlesex, widow of Thomas Williams.
338. HEIR-AT-LAW and NEXT OF KIN of THOMAS EDDEN, late of Blackwell, in the parish of Tredington, Worcester (died Feb. 1811), or their representatives.
339. NIECE of Mr. GEORGE WILLIAMS, of Southampton-street, Covent-garden. *Something to her advantage.*
340. ROBERT RICHARDSON, CATHERINE RICHARDSON, CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON, MARIA KERR, Baron FERDINAND HOMPESECH, Mrs. KERR, The Hon. CHARLES ST. JOHN, Mrs. Horam's servant MARY, commonly called "Good Mary," GEORGE ASMAN, formerly servant of the below-mentioned testator, — ASMAN, brother of George, PETER SUNDTHEN, servant of testator's brother, and Count FERDINAND HOMPESECH, legatees under the will of Charles Joseph Anton, Baron Hompesch, late of Rosenaw, near Datchet, Bucks, Lieutenant-general (died June 1812), or their personal representatives.
341. Mr. CHARLES GEORGE WILSON, who was in Italy in 1831, with his wife, MARIA THERESA SERDALEN; likewise Mr. JAMES BURGESS, or their heirs. *Something to their interest.*
342. PARKINS, JOSEPH WILFRED, Esq. T. BLACKBURN, Esq. and SIMON CLARKE, Esq. or if dead, their HEIRS-AT-LAW. *Something to advantage.*
343. WILL of SARAH COLLARD, deceased, of Walton-upon-Thames.
344. NEXT OF KIN of MARGARET BUCKLER, formerly of Turner-square, but afterwards of Joy-lane, Hoxton, Middlesex, spinster, deceased. *Something to her advantage.*
345. MARY DAVIS, legatee under will of THOMAS TINHAM, her uncle, late of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.
346. NEXT OF KIN of SARAH PIKE, formerly of Kew, Surrey, spinster (died 19th May, 1824).
347. ELIZABETH BLANCHARD, who is entitled to a legacy under the will of SARAH PIKE, formerly of Kew, Surrey (died 19th May, 1834).

348. CHILDREN of JOHN COOPER, late of Harlestone, Suffolk, farmer (died Jan. 1819), or their representatives.

349. NEXT OF KIN of ALICE SAVIGNAC, widow (died 16th Aug. 1805), formerly the wife of PETER BLENSE, of Manchester, merchant, afterwards of THOMAS SEDDON, of Dover-street, Middlesex, upholsterer, and at the time of her death was living at Paddington-green, Middlesex, or their representatives.

(To be continued weekly.)

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, 5th edit. post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
- Chambaud's (L.) Fables Choisis à l'Usage des Enfants, par G. Wells, A.M. new edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Collins's Cheap Series, "Dick's (Dr.) Christian Philosopher," illustrated with engravings, a new edit. revised and enlarged, Vol I. 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.; 2s. cl.
- Deslyon's French Tutor, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.
- Edgeworth's (Miss) Stories for Children, "Garry Owen, and Poor Bob," in 2 Parts, 18mo. 6d. each.
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- Haigh's Latin Dictionary, new edit. 18mo. 4s. cl.—Hardwick's Trader's Check Book, new edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Hewitson's (W. C.) Coloured Illustrations of the Eggs of British Birds, with Descriptions, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 4l. 10s. cl.
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- Rutherford's (Rev. S.) Letters and Life, by the Rev. C. Thomson, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. cl.
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(Signed) HUGH MACDONALD.

This declaration made before me, at Bay Fortune, the 3rd day of September, 1845.

JOSEPH COFFIN, Justice of the Peace.

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(Signed) WILLIAM UNDERHAY, Bay Fortune.

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